

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Naisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1897.

NUMBER 5.

THEY PRAY FOR RELIEF.

New Immigration Laws, Reform in Finances and Appropriations For Public Works Asked For.

The following memorial was presented to the president and the members of the cabinet by the executive council of the federation:

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1897.

"To the President, Cabinet and Congress of the United States of America—Gentlemen: Multitudes of our working people—American citizens—at this hour are suffering humiliating poverty and countless privations, and look to you for speedy relief. Last fall they were promised helpful legislation, and they expect it from you without unnecessary delay. In no party spirit we appeal to you to heed their wants and to promptly meet this unparalleled situation in the true spirit of American patriotism.

"With industry half paralyzed, trade stagnant, values depressed and shrunken, with enterprise stifled and the productive power of labor palsied, with our commerce listless on the seas and our immense resources blighted, we bid you haste the return of better times, to inspire confidence and bring cheer and comfort to the homes of the millions of citizens who now seek work and wages in vain.

"In the name of the producers in shop and factory, in mill and mine, in the fields and on our lakes and seas, in behalf of the toilers out of work and of those underpaid, we urge on you the necessity of legislative relief. The destitution among the honest, proud and industrious people of our land, though half hidden, is ever increasing and becoming more and more appalling. The hopes they had are fast turning to gloomy despair.

"Invention, machinery, the subdivision of labor, and the countless labor dispensing appliances to cheapen production even in the best of times, disturb permanency of employment, tend to reduce wages and intensify competition in nearly every field of labor. Added to this the unrestricted flow of immigration from abroad, the organization of trusts, the centralization and concentration of capital in the manifold industries, all make the existence of the workmen more hard and precarious. These changing conditions, unknown in our forefathers' times, must be met not by promises, broken to the hopes, but substantial and remedial legislation at the hands of congress.

"We, therefore, most respectfully memorialize the president, cabinet and congress of the United States for the enactment of these measures:

"1. Amendment to the federal eight hour law, so to secure its practical enforcement on all public works by or for the United States government, whether done by contract, subcontract or day's work. We are sternly opposed to the evasion and violations of the present eight hour law by the heads of the departments and officials in the federal service.

"2. A remodeling of our immigration laws so as to secure an enlarged protection to American citizens and their families.

"3. Reform in the national banking system and in the issuance of the currency of the United States so to secure the people from the possibilities and disasters of financial crises.

"4. Liberal appropriations for government public works and for the improvement of rivers and harbors.

"By the prompt adoption of these relief measures at the hands of congress, we firmly believe some degree of prosperity may be restored and the condition of the people bettered. We assure you the millions are now in no disposition to be trifled with. They are fast becoming desperate and deep are their mutterings of discontent. They desire to realize some of the prosperity so freely promised on the stump six months ago.

"Over three millions of willing workers are idle. Shall they appeal to you in vain? Shall the interests of the trusts, syndicates, monopolies, corporations and moneyed men remain of more importance than the welfare of the toilers? We trust not. We still believe the people's representatives are not dead to the public welfare. We ask that they

rise to the patriotism of this great occasion and hasten to bring relief to the masses of their fellow citizens. Very respectfully yours,

"Samuel Gompers, M. M. Garland, P. J. McGuire, John B. Lennon, James Duncan, Frank Morrison, James O'Connell."

For THE HERALD.]

A TRUE PICTURE OF HOME.

Home may be, or ought to be, the most delightful place on earth. The center of the purest affections and most desirable associations, as well as of the most attractive and exalted beauties to be found this side of paradise. Nothing can excel in beauty and sublimity the quietude, peace, harmony, affection and happiness of a well ordered family where virtue is nurtured and every good principle fostered and sustained. Home is the nursery of affection; it is the eden of young attachments, and here should be planted all the germs of love, every seed that shall ever sprout in the heart. And how carefully should they be tended, how guarded against the frosts of jealousy, anger, envy, pride, vanity and ambition, how rooted in the best soil of the heart, and nourished and cultivated by the soul's best husbandry. Here is the heart's garden. Its sunshine and flowers are here. All its beautiful, all its lovely things are here, and here should be expended care, toil, effort, patience, and whatever may be necessary to make them still more lovely. It is around the memories of home that cluster the happiest, and sometimes the saddest, of the recollection of youth. There is the thought of brother and sister, now perhaps gone forever; of childish sorrows and griefs; of the mother's prayers and the father's blessings. Do you wonder that these memories, both bitter and sweet, linger in the chambers of the mind long after those of the busy years of maturity have faded away before the approach of age. With what assiduity ought all who have arrived at the years of maturity strive to make their homes pleasant, and especially is this true of parents, so that its member, when they go hence, will carry with them thoughts that through all the weary years before them will afford a pleasant retreat for them when well nigh wearied with the care which comes with increasing years. We can not honor with too deep a reverence the home affection. We can not cultivate them with too much solicitude. There is the center of our present happiness, the springs of our deepest and strongest tides of joy. When the home affections are duly cultivated all others follow or grow out of them as a natural consequence. If any would have fervent and noble affections, such as give power and glory to the human heart, such as sanctify the soul and make it supremely beautiful, such as an angel might covet without shame, let him cultivate all the feelings that originate as from a radiant point in the home. The true flower of home love requires for its development the aid of every member of the home, the tears of sympathy as well as the sunshine of domestic affection bring it to its glorious maturity. Oftentimes there are families the members of which are without doubt dear to each other, if sickness or sudden trouble fall on one all are affected and make haste to help and sympathize and comfort, but in their daily life and ordinary intercourse there is not only no expression of affection, none of the pleasant and fond behavior that has, perhaps, little dignity but which more than makes up for that in its sweetness, but there is an absolute hardness of language and action which is shocking to every sensitive and tender feeling. Between father and mother, brother and sister, oftentimes pass rough and hasty words, and sometimes angry words even more frequently than words of endearment. To judge from their actions they do not appear to love each other, nor does it seem to have occurred to them that it is their duty, as it should be their best pleasure, to do and say all that they possibly can for each others good and happiness. It is in the home where we form many, if not the most, of our habits, both of action and speech. These habits we carry into the world. They cling to us. The vulgarities which we use at home we shall use abroad. The coarse sayings, the low jest, the

vulgar speeches, the grammatical blunders, all the lingual imperfections which go to form a part of our home conversations, will enter into our conversations at all other times and in all places. The home should be held too sacred to be polluted with the vulgarity of language which could have originated nowhere but in low and groveling minds. Home should be dedicated to love and truth, to all that is tender in feelings and noble, and pure in thought arise out of the manifold relations and associations of domestic life. But all pictures of earthly happiness are transient in duration. Where can you find an unbroken home? The time must soon come, if it has not already, when you must part from those who have surrounded the same parental board, who mingled with you in the joys of childhood and the promise of youth. New cares will attend in new situations, and the relation you form and the business you pursue may call you from the play place of your youth. In the unseen future your brothers and sisters may be sundered from you, your lives may be spent apart and you may be divided, and of you it may be said

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled our home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."
Stillwater, Ky. JOS. L. WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We want a letter from each correspondent every week to reach this office not later than Tuesday evening, even if it contains nothing more important than Parson Jones and Brother Smith swapping nags. This may seem foolish to you, but you do as we say and we will answer for the consequences. What THE HERALD wants is a record of plain facts of interest to the people in your neighborhood, and not a verbose effusion appealing only to the egotism and vanity of the writer.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Campton Currency.

Rev. West preached two soul stirring sermons Sunday last.

W. L. Byrd is running a livery stable during circuit court.

The "would be" Senator Taulbee, of Hazel Patch, was in town on Monday.

A. B. Pieratt and T. F. Carr, of Ezel, registered at the Hollen House on the 25th.

Circuit court is in session this week and several of the boys are in parts unknown.

Have the Lane correspondents concluded to "doff their sombrero in perpetual silence?"

Several scientific, necktieless horse swappers were in town the first day of court in full glory.

S. S. Combs' "rock-me-to-sleep" saddle horse, Frank, by reason of a paralytic stroke, is unable for service.

Judge Linden, of Jackson, is with us this week in the interest of the "natural gas company" of which he is a member.

A lanky, long haired man, who claims to have been raised by Indians, is in town selling medicine and amusing the people with his display of monkey-shines.

On the night of 21st some person or persons broke into J. C. Lykin's dwelling house and emptied a trunk of some money—not free silver, however, as Joe don't deal in that. No one was at home that night.

T. M. Morrow, the popular and able editor of the Jackson Hustler, is among the dear people this week soliciting subscriptions to his paper. By reason of his smiling countenance he obtained several Hustler dollars.

The visiting attorneys are Judge Fleener, of Jackson; G. W. Gourley and H. L. Wheeler, of Beattyville; W. W. McGuire, of West Liberty, and Banford White, of Irvine. "Rambler" will give the court proceedings next week.

Quite a number of new students have matriculated at the K. W. college the last week to take the special training course. Several of the "free-silver" tongued young men are contemplating entering the oratorical contest that is to come off on commencement day.

Married, on the 24th inst., at the home of the bride's father, E. B. Bowman, William Tutt, son of S. M. Tutt, to Miss Laura Bowman, Rev. John Barker officiating. May the flowers of peace, happiness and prosperity ever bloom around them.

Judge D. B. Redwine and Attorney Howard were both on hand on Monday to take their respective seats in the temple of justice. The judge's instructions to the court were both interesting and able. The judge landed many blows into the hearts of the transgressors and caused them to tremble with fear.

Nature's sweetest voice is floating out o'er the broad ocean of the earth, baptizing every heart with the glorious sunshine of spring and filling every soul with ecstasy. The lizards are thawing out; the birds are singing their sweetest melodies, and the deep voices of the busy farmers are echoing from farm to farm.

April 27. BRAD MATTOON.

Tolliver Topics.

Will Brewer moved from Powell county to Big Branch last week.

Miss Ida Catron, Pomeroyton, was the guest of Miss Mollie Cox Sunday.

W. A. Oldfield, J. B. McNabb and J. J. Catron are attending court at Campton this week.

Lee Brown fell from a horse some days ago and sprained his ankle, causing him to lose much sleep.

It seems to me that preparations should be made to have the annual Sunday school convention in this county.

It looks like the people of this neighborhood should be preparing for their annual picnic. June will soon be here.

Sunday school was again organized at Sandfield, to meet at 3 o'clock each Sunday, with Henry Stamper as superintendent.

Quite a number of the young folks enjoyed themselves as the guests of Miss Nannie Mannin, Sunday night. Among those present were: Misses Frances Sweney, Elsie Bolin, Lou Catron, Lizzie Mannin and Abbie Wills; Messrs. Wm. Sweney, O. P. Patrick, Aaron, Banford and Courtney Mannin.

April 27. SHINER.

Lane Lilies.

The farmers are busy planting corn.

Mrs. Wilsie Hollon died on the 17th inst.

G. W. King's lame leg improves slowly.

Scott Gibbs is very low with consumption.

John T. Graham went to Campton this week on business.

James A. Sewell went to Campton this week on business.

Miss Zerilda Sewell returned home from Campton Sunday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Hollon, who has been quite ill for several days, is improving.

Vache Gibbs and son, Berry, caught a nice lot of fish near the mouth of Holly last week.

Miss Phinira Turner, of White Oak, was the guest of the Sewell family one day last week.

Miss Zerilda and Isaac Miller were the pleasant guests of the Sewell family Sunday before noon.

There will be singing at the Elkins Chapel every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. All are invited to attend.

Revs. J. A. Sewell and G. W. Tyra preached at the Spring branch school house Sunday afternoon.

Stepping Ben and his private secretary, Joseph King, went to Frozen creek last week to visit friends and relatives.

The Widow Hollon gave a singing to the young folks Saturday evening. A large crowd was present and all reported a jovial time.

Our young friend and trader, Johnnie Pence, went Saturday evening to Jack Hellon's to trade him a nice three-year-old saddle horse for a two-year-old mule and a Belle.

Joe Elam, son of Joshua Elam, and

Miss Laura Faulkner, daughter of Henry Faulkner, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock on the 17th inst. The groom is said to be an enthusiastic and a bright young man and the bride has got a good case of beauty attached. The gold bug did not have the pleasure of seeing the couple united but George Terrell and Frank Matton, the two captains of the "charivari-ing" crowd, were at the wedding and they tell us that they matched well. We join in with the friends of the bride and groom and wish them a joyous and prosperous wedded life.

April 26. GOLD BUG.

MORGAN COUNTY.

West Liberty Whisperings.

Spring at last and farmers are busy preparing for crops.

Mrs. W. G. Carter still continues very sick at her home in town.

The election is over and everything is quiet again, thank the Lord.

Rev. F. Agar was married in Louisville last week; did not learn the bride's name.

Some of our young men are talking of organizing a new society called "The Sons of Rest."

A great many fine fish are now being caught in Licking river. Yum, yum, we had a square mess of them the other day.

You should have seen C. C. Maxey collide with J. H. Cole's ox wagon a few evenings since while riding his bicycle on Main street.

Rev. Mr. Honney, of Stanton, is holding a series of meetings in the Methodist church. All are invited to come and take part in this glorious work.

Your scribe is thinking of going to Hazel Green to join the Ananias club so he can get the opportunity of seeing the airship. [To leave West Liberty for any such purpose would be like taking coals to Newcastle.—Ed.]

April 26. 16 TO 1.

Consolation Chat.

Corn planting has begun in this neck o' woods.

Some of the boys say they won't go to Campton this week.

J. R. Wheeler and H. Shelton were the guests of W. H. Blankenship Sunday.

Wonder when THE HERALD man is going to preach the delinquent subscribers' funerals?

John Cecil was around to see "The Drake" Sunday. John is a model boy and we enjoy his company; come again.

Rev. Jo Long, of Spruce, an advocate of sanctification, will preach at the Caskey school house Saturday night and Sunday morning.

On last Sunday dogs got among Riley Taulbee's sheep, killing three lambs and crippling the mother. But the dogs that did the killing will kill no more.

Your scribe went fishing Saturday, but the crowd was so large that our luck turned, and we only got three that measured one and a half inches in length.

Dr. W. L. Gevedon will preach the remainder of the year for Consolation church, his regular appointment being the second Saturday and Sunday in each month.

James Taylor has a peculiar way of plowing, he plows up and down the hill, says the ground will only raise fodder to plow around the hill. Jim is a worker and knows how to make corn.

While coming from church the other night "The Drake" heard a strange noise when in front of Frost Woods' house. He looked up expecting to get a sight of the much-talked-of airship, but to his dismay found it was nothing but a flutter mill some one had put up.

The apples and plums of this vicinity are all right so far and will be too large for that big snow on the 18th or 20th of May to do any damage. We are neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but we will wager a sea foam pipe against a plug of Battle ax tobacco that a frost or snow will come on the above named dates.

April 27. THE DRAKE.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE ENEMY.

Tariff Reformers Have Scored a Marked Triumph on the Wool Schedule.

The address of S. N. D. North before the ways and means committee of the house of representatives was by all odds the most interesting and enlightening disclosure that the tariff hearing has called out, if indeed it is not the most important contribution to tariff literature and thought that has appeared since Grover Cleveland's celebrated tariff message of 1887.

It was a genuine surprise. It was a terrible shock to the fanatical protectionist. It was the highest tribute to the principle of tariff reform that could be paid. Between the position of the free traders, as the protectionist press denominates tariff reformers, and the woolen manufacturers as represented by Mr. North, there is scarcely one iota of practical difference. In other words, the woolen manufacturers, speaking through their official representative, proclaim to the world their acceptance of the policy of the free traders. This is a great advance towards the final and satisfactory settlement of the tariff question.

The corner stone of the tariff reform structure was free wool. That was the key note of President Cleveland's tariff message in 1887. The center of opposition to tariff reform was massed against free wool. The free traders, accepting the enemy's designation of tariff reformers, said that free wool would be a boon to the people because it would give them cheaper and better clothing; that it would be a boon for the manufacturer because it would enlarge and cheapen the supply of raw material; and that it would not injure the American wool grower because the wool imported would not compete with the home clip; that the American grower would be likely to be benefited by the building up of the American woolen manufacturing industries. President Cleveland set forth these views nine years ago, and they were combated with such intensity by both the manufacturer and the grower that for very consistency extreme views in the opposite direction were incorporated into the McKinley law. What is Mr. North's testimony to-day? We quote from the press report of his speech:

Never, until he had had experience under free wool, did the manufacturer realize the disadvantages he suffered under a wool duty, and the impossibility of any compensatory duty offsetting these disadvantages. The concentration of American purchases upon the wools which can be bought under the duty increases the price compared with that which would be paid if all wools were available, and the course of the market under free wool has indicated that the enhancement of the price is about four cents per pound. A duty has another effect in cheapening the price of the wool which cannot be imported, so that the foreign manufacturer, added to all the other advantages which he naturally possesses, is able to get his wool cheaper from a cause growing indirectly out of the duty.

All the restrictions of the old law were put there, Mr. North insisted, to embarrass and impede the manufacturer in his choice of wool. They have that effect, and are thus additional disadvantages for which he gets no equivalent. Mr. North declared that these restrictions were not required, because there was hardly any occupation for which the opportunities were so few as in the sale of wool.

It was necessary, he believed, to recite these facts, that congress and the American people should understand the economic disadvantages of a duty on wool. The manufacturers did not appear to resist the restoration of a wool duty. They were willing to make sacrifices in order that the policy of protection might apply to all products that need protection. They agreed in advance to a degree of protection equal to that to be imposed on their goods. They simply demanded that there should be no return to the restrictive rates of previous wool schedules.

It was a great and important fact that, as the manufacture had now developed here, the use of foreign wools had become indispensable. Any duties on wool, the purpose of which was to exclude and prohibit its importation, would restrict the American manufacturer to such fabrics as can be produced from domestic wool. The effect of such restriction would be to increase the importation of foreign wools in manufactured form and diminish the demand for American wools and the employment of American machinery.

Mr. North declared that no American manufacturer bought foreign wool for any purpose for which he could use domestic wool, and that foreign wool was not used to displace American, and that, while it did not displace it, its importation increased the market for American wool.

Fretty substantial testimony in favor of free wool, is it not? A thorough acknowledgment of the correctness of the position of the free traders, is it not? It must be remembered that Mr. North is no mere theorist, as he once regarded President Cleveland, and Roger Q. Mills, William L. Wilson and other free traders. He is not an emissary from the Cobden club, paid by "British gold." He is the representative and spokesman of the practical men in business. He is the secretary of the Wool Manufacturers' association, and the views he presents must be accepted as the views of the practical wool manufacturers. And go theorizing free trader has put the arguments for free wool stronger than did Mr. North for the manufacturers. They are converted to the belief in the very foundation of tariff reform, free wool, after only two years' practical experience in its use. And these two years have been most unfavorable to business experiments of any kind.

We regard this confession as the most striking effect that the campaign of education has produced. Sound ideas upon economic policies have been driven into the heads of the most virulent enemies of tariff reduction. It is an encouraging sign. It cannot fail to have an effect for good upon those who would plunge the country into protective madness again. It lends to the hope and belief

that the time may not be long distant when manufacturing New England will become what it was before, the stronghold of free trade in America.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

PROMISES AND PIE CRUSTS.

Republican Campaign Lies in the Light of Facts.

It seems to be a fact that the single gold standard, as a policy, is not realizing the expectations of its friends in the matter of improving conditions. We were assured that after the silver scare was at an end business would pick up and activity would be resumed in all branches of commerce and industry. In fact, it was said that nothing prevented a restoration of normal conditions except the silver craze, which, it was alleged, had destroyed public confidence and created uncertainty and disturbance. Nobody now contends that normal conditions have been restored or that there is any prospect of their early restoration. Anybody who would make such a contention would be compelled to admit that normal conditions are nothing to brag about.

Of course, under ordinary circumstances, the fair thing would be to wait until the new administration had been afforded an opportunity to put some remedial legislation on the statute book, assuming that legislation is a good thing for a diseased condition of business; but the circumstances of the present case are not ordinary. We were told that nothing was needed to restore prosperity but confidence; just confidence, and that the only way, and the sure way, to create confidence was to elect McKinley. Nothing was said about waiting for legislation or even for the major's inauguration; his election was pledged to do the business.

The Buffalo Times admits that the election of McKinley did not cause the recent bank failures and the general assignments reported during the past few weeks, but it insists that "neither has his election verified in the slightest degree the predictions made by his organs and their assistants that confidence would be at once restored, gold would come out from its hiding places, mills would reopen, the avenues of employment would multiply, wages would rise and peace and plenty be our portion evermore." Other papers refer to this matter in similar terms, and this indicates that general expectation banked on the major's election as the thing that, in realization of earnest promises, would create confidence and restore prosperity. We fancy, therefore, that a vast number of people have by this time reached the conclusion that it is much easier to vote for a thing than to get it after voting for it; and that there is a great deal of pie-crustiness about republican campaign promises.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

—A tariff for revenue for monopolies is about the McKinley idea.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—A New York paper declares that the reason for so many cabinet declinations is the unpopularity of Mark Hanna. But so long as McKinley truly loves him, what's the odds?—Albany Argus.

—McKinley's cabinet will be one of second-raters. No man with a position and reputation to sustain will go into it willingly. If any of them are forced into it, they will get out before the end of the term. There is danger ahead, and there is not one of them who can fail to see the red light.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—It is said to be the intention of the committee on ways and means, now working on a new tariff bill, to keep the results of their deliberations secret until they are presented to the next congress. The "hearings," though, may give the matter away on the principle that a man is known by the company he keeps.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—The amount of misinformation and downright falsehood that has been placed before the ways and means committee during the tariff hearings would be astounding to anybody who was not familiar with the methods always employed by interested persons to extract greater favors from the government than they have any good reason to ask for.—Providence Journal.

—Inconsistency was never the bugbear of the republican party. At this time contradictions between their promises and performances are worrying them less than ever. Having secured power by a fight on the currency issue, they propose to call an extra session of congress, not to reform the currency, but to enact a higher tariff. Another inconsistency in their attitude is the ground on which they argue for a higher tariff—to raise prices. Yet the effect of the former McKinley tariff was asserted by them to have been lower prices.—Kansas City Times.

Economy the Thing Needed.

Republican statesmen are filling the papers with schemes to increase the tariff taxes, to raise money to pay the expenses of the government. The people are already paying more taxes than they are able to pay. Even Secretary Morton, goldite, declares there is no use of increasing the burdens of the people by increasing their taxes. Reduce the expenses of the government—let the policy be more economy and less taxation. A return to Jeffersonian simplicity is needed more than anything else in governmental affairs at this time.—Exchange.

SLANDER.

Eckels' Insult to the Honesty and Intelligence of the Country.

Those gentlemen connected with the recently failed banks in St. Paul and Minneapolis must relish Mr. Eckels' comment on the falling down of their institutions. Eckels telegraphed the New York Journal concerning the failure of the Columbia national, that it closed because of "want of immediately convertible assets," which were the "accumulation of a period when fortunes were made by the mechanical act of marking up the price of town lots." Of the Chicago and other failures he spoke as "sporadic failures." He has not been heard from since St. Paul scored several more of its time-honored and supposedly safe institutions, but these, to the mind of this very small man, who occupies a large amount of space in the public mind, were, doubtless mere "sporadic affairs," and have no general significance. However, Eckels did say that "existing conditions" made it harder than ever to do business, but it was most fixed in Eckels' mind that the failures have come "at the end of long years of inflation, to which must be added the aggravating effects of four years of agitation of fiscal policies, foreign complications and tariff measures." Then he adds a dose of jollying, saying:

"In the light of things done and the things attempted to be done, the wonder is, not that the failures have been so many, but that they have been so few. It all bears testimony to the fact that, despite our frequent disregard of wholesome business principles, we yet remain an exceedingly rich and prosperous people—a people so rich that at all times, the great English statesman, recently said of us that in the year 1896 the people of the United States must be considered as the richest people of either ancient or modern times, with their wealth increasing at the rate of \$1,000,000 per day."

The first thing to be said of Eckels is that the country is heartily sick of him, of his everlasting twaddle and of his constant prominence in the public attention; and the one sincere hope is that the last will be heard of him when the McKinley administration gets in.

Eckels slanders the honesty and the intelligence of the country when he ignores the fact that conditions brought about by legislation, over which our honest business men have no control, have been and are the cause of the financial troubles of the country. According to Eckels and the rest of the gold standard school, mismanagement and bad methods are the cause of all the thousands of business wrecks strewn over the land. This makes of our intelligent business community, present and past, utter numskulls and scallwags. It is a beautiful estimate to place on the country; on the energetic and hard-working merchant, who has seen his sales dwindle below the living point and been obliged to close; the careful, prudent business man, whose profits constantly fell until capital and business were swallowed up; the builder who could build no more, because people could neither build a new nor repair an old building; the manufacturers closed or men discharged, because the country is glutted with manufactured products, which the people, though needing them, never so much, have no money with which to buy; they have no money because the products which they sell, or their labor, are below the cost of production for the one, and there is no employment for the other at any price. It is the failures of these, from such causes not their own fault, that this federal officer calls "sporadic," and attributes entirely to speculation. But this man Eckels has been before the country for a long time, and the size-up of him in the public mind is that of a very cheap bugle-blower.

It is time for the passing of Eckels.—Minneapolis Penny Press.

CURRENCY REFORM.

Beneficiaries of the Present System Seek to "Improve" It.

The deliberations and recommendations of the so-called monetary conference lately in session at Indianapolis deserve the attention and respect usually given to purely ex parte utterances, and no more. A great share of the gentlemen there gathered have, it is true, given much thought to the science of money—though perhaps more to the science of its accumulation—and are, perhaps, fitly to be regarded as expert students of the currency question. Nevertheless that does not put their findings above criticism. Many of them are bankers or intimately associated with investment companies. All were selected by boards of trade, chambers of commerce or bodies of like distinctly capitalistic character. In their belief the dollar which most will contribute to their profit is the dollar which increases in value, and by formally declaring for the maintenance of the single gold standard, to the exclusion of even international bimetalism, they have put themselves on record as demanding such a dollar.

We have no doubt that this gathering of financiers will be pointed to with awe by a certain class of journals as comprehending the most successful and expert monetary scientists in the land, men who handle millions, men to whom widows and orphans confide their little savings for thrifty management. The commission of 11 which they will appoint to make recommendations to congress will be eulogized as the very fountain head of financial wisdom, and its creation will be hailed as a step toward taking the money question out of politics—a certain element in our society, by the way, seems to be trying to

take every public question out of politics—that is, away from the people's management, and turning it over to those who can make a profit out of its management.

But this line of argument has never proved very convincing to the great masses of the people. They have felt that the line between democracy and oligarchy consists very largely in keeping these issues in politics. It has occurred to them that the taxpayer has some rights which taxateers must be forced to respect. That the shipper by a railroad has rights coequal with those of the stockholders. And, now that the clamor for putting the reform of the currency in the hands of a commission of "experts" rises so loud, it will be urged that borrowers have rights as well as lenders, and that the great masses of the people for whom the currency is merely a tool of trade are not likely to consent that its management be left wholly to those whom it is entirely a source of income.

The Indianapolis programme must be recognized for what it is—the formal expression of the wishes of the money-lending classes.—N. Y. Journal.

PROSPERITY HALTS.

Even the Goldbug Press Begins to Blame Our Iniquitous Currency System.

At last, remarks the Illinois State Register, it seems to be dawning on the minds of eastern goldites that there is something wrong with the "sound-money" system that the goldites prophesied would immediately bring about "confidence" and "prosperity" should the people elect McKinley president. The New York World, an able assistant in securing the election of McKinley, is alarmed at the delay in the return of the chariot of prosperity, and charges that McKinley is responsible. It says:

"The failure of 25 banks within a fortnight, with all the injury to business and distress to individuals which this implies, does not seem to have made any impression upon Mr. McKinley and his friends. They are thinking, planning and acting with a view to two things only—a higher tariff and a speedy division of the offices."

"During the campaign Mr. McKinley frequently repeated the preposterous platitudes that our currency system created by the grand old republican party, was the best in the world, and must be kept so. And yet every student of finance and indeed every intelligent business man, knew that this chaotic 'system' with its nine kinds of currency, all based, like a big pyramid standing on its apex, upon a precarious reserve of gold subject to depletion at the will of speculators, is the worst maintained by any civilized commercial nation."

"It was a monetary panic that arrested prosperity in 1893. It is distrust of the currency that has helped powerfully in paralyzing industry since that time. It was upon the issue of sound money chiefly that the presidential campaign was fought and won."

"And yet from the closing of the polls until now neither McKinley nor any man who has been near to him has said a word indicating an appreciation of the need of currency reform, or any purpose to try to reform it or of securing retrenchment in expenses and rest from agitation. To outguess monopolies by shutting out foreign competition and to tax consumers more heavily without increasing the revenues appear to have been their only thoughts."

"Meanwhile banks in the west continue to fail, unused money is piled up in the east, and business tries in vain to guess where the tariff-ripping will leave it. What sort of show does this curtain-raiser of 'prosperity's advance agent' promise us?"

MR. WOLCOTT'S MISSION.

A Hopeful View of the Chance for International Bimetalism.

It will interest people on all sides of the finance question to learn that there seems to be quite an amiable feeling among Englishmen toward Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, who went to England to promote the cause of bimetalism by international agreement. Senator Wolcott took the initiative in the latest effort for an international conference, and in spite of the fact that he has had but an obscure position before the British public heretofore, his greeting has been very friendly.

The London National Review now points out that many Englishmen will be glad to uphold Mr. Balfour's hands in any effort he may make to secure an effective conference of the commercial powers. As the principal creditor nation, it is argued that Great Britain is principally interested in establishing a par of exchange between silver-using and gold-using countries. Certainly she would be the last nation to consent to any plan which threatened to go too far on the side of free silver. There are in the present cabinet many members who would gladly subscribe to the policy which would permit the reopening of the Indian mints, at the same time securing a safe standard for international exchange.

The National Review declares that in the present cabinet a majority are favorable to bimetalism by international agreement. There are nine members, among them Mr. Goschen and Mr. Balfour, who are outspoken for the plan. Lord Salisbury is said to be "benevolent" toward it, while eight other members are open to conviction or uncertainty. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is the one man actively opposed. If these facts are correctly stated, the prospects for the new efforts for international agreement are much more encouraging than some people have supposed.—Chicago Record.

Shouldn't Sneer at "Sound Money."

Mr. Walker, chairman of the house banking and currency committee, has the temerity to sneer at the work of the Indianapolis monetary conference. Mr. Walker ought to understand that everything bearing the label of "sound money" is sacred.—N. Y. Journal.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—In the Art School.—"Say, old man, have you any thumb tacks?" "No; but I have some finger nails."—Yale Record.

—"I found a lead pencil this morning." "That isn't very remarkable." "Well, but it had one of those safety pocket holders on it."—Yale Record.

—He Richly Deserves It.—May we venture to express the hope that the man who writes it Xmas will have a Xappy Xew Xear.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

—"Hello, Handle Bar, what was your hurry when you came in on your wheel to-day? I never saw you work so hard." "I wanted to get home before my cyclometer got up to 50 miles. I never permit myself to ride more than that in a day."—Truth.

—A new and interesting light is shed on the disputed authorship of the Homeric poems by the delightful answer given by a schoolboy in a recent examination, and quoted in the Daily News: "It is said that writing was not invented when Homer composed his poems. He must, therefore, have lived a good deal later."—London Tablet.

—Lawyer—"Now, Mr. Thrift, describe to the court the chickens that you charged my client, the defendant, with stealing." Farmer Thrift goes into the details, but is interrupted by the lawyer, who exclaims: "I have some chickens like those myself." Farmer Thrift (resuming)—"The chickens he took are not the only ones I have had stolen!"—N. Y. Herald.

—An old Scotchwoman was dying. The storm was raging without, the wind was howling and the rain dashing against the window panes. They were gathered around her bed. "I maun dee, doctor—I maun dee." "Ay, ay, I'm mickle feart ye're gaun." "Weel, weel, the Lord's will be done. But it's an awfu' night to be gaun skirlin' through the clouds."—Spare Moments.

A VOLCANIC WONDER.

The Largest District of This Sort Located in the Northwest.

The entire absence of easily-recognized volcanic craters in the eastern part of the United States has tended to create the impression that in volcanoes this country is below the average. But to dispel this notion it is only necessary to make a trip through the northwest. In Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada and Idaho is the largest volcanic district in the world. The Lassen peak volcanic ridges, the most general feature in the district, resulted chiefly from superficial accumulations of material thrown out from within the earth and piled up in mountain masses about the point of exit. From the summit of Lassen peak, looking northeast, a dark and desolate lava field and crater are pointed out as the "Cinder Cone." This may be comfortably reached on horseback, but a camping outfit is necessary, as there is no settlement near the place.

Approaching the region the traveler first encounters a sprinkling of the fine volcanic sand and small bits of dark brown pumice spread on the ground. This increases as he goes, until the sand gives character to the whole landscape, imparting a dull dark blue to the soft earth, and rendering travel difficult. When first seen on nearer view, Cinder cone gives the impression of newness. One looks in vain for steam rising from the crater, and feels disappointed at seeing none.

Charred trunks of trees attest the great heat of the place in recent times, but one cannot find on the living trees a trace of volcanic sand that might have lodged in knot holes as it fell. The dull, somber aspect of the slopes is greatly relieved on the southeast side by the carmine and orange-colored Lapilli, so that from a distance it has the pleasing hues of a sunset.

The strangeness of the scene is greatly enhanced by the almost complete absence of vegetation. Only two small bushes cling upon the outer slopes to give life to the barren cone. No white man or Indian now living is known to have been an eye witness to the eruption, and it must be remembered that such an eruption would not leave the people of that region in doubt as to what was happening.

A number of persons now living in the Sacramento valley, who crossed the emigrant trail at the base of the cone in 1853, say that the lonely bushes growing near the summit were apparently as large as now. Whatever may be the historical testimony as to the time of the eruption, the geologic evidence clearly shows it before the beginning of this century.—N. Y. Journal.

He Had Heard It.

"When two bodies come together suddenly there is invariably a sound of some sort. Now, in the case of human beings—"

"I know," yelled the little boy in the corner that nobody supposed was listening.

"Willie!"

"Oh, well, I guess I do know, an' it all depends on whether they are married or not."

"Willie!"

There was more severity in the tone this time, but it failed to have any appreciable effect.

"Sometimes it's a smack and sometimes it's a swat," he persisted. "It all depends, and there ain't no use of your tryin' to frighten me out of givin' the answer when I know it."—Chicago Post

THE FARMING WORLD.

PROFIT IN SHEEP.

Advantages Accruing to the Farmer Who Possesses a Flock.

Within the past ten years sheep have been defended and attacked from all quarters, having strong defenders and persistent enemies, owing to the agitation of the wool question in politics, but leaving out of consideration the question of wool as a source of profit, there are other advantages in keeping sheep which are admitted by all. If a farmer only sold his sheep at their actual cost he would derive a profit. There is but little risk in sheep, except from disease or enemies, as they give a profit from several sources. The first advantage possessed by the farmer who has a flock of sheep is the utilization of waste products. Sheep will consume much that other animals will not accept, and will keep down weeds, thus saving labor to the farmer who has his fields overrun by weeds from seeds which are carried by winds to his cultivated fields. Sheep are contented on scanty pasture, preferring the short grass to that which is long, and by grazing very close they completely destroy the weeds that would otherwise start again. A large portion of their food really costs the farmer nothing during the summer, and with shelter from storm they are less liable to disease than other animals. If the lambs come early and are bred by pure-bred rams of the mutton breeds, they will more than pay the cost of the flock of sheep the first year. The farmer who keeps sheep for wool only will continue to turn his sheep out and meet with losses, but the one who aims to make a profit from all sources provided by the flock will use precautions for safety. Shelter from the sun in summer and from the storms in winter assist in making sheep pay, and if they have been given something more than the pickings of the farm they will be in good condition in the fall to begin the winter. A flock can be kept at but little expense, as sheep will utilize turnips, ensilage, fodder, hay, and be satisfied with a small allowance of grain. Farmers who will begin with good sheep and use pure-bred rams can always secure a fair profit, but the profit left in the soil from the droppings is one of the most important items, as the sheep save the farmer the labor of hauling manure and apply the droppings to the soil better than he can with his most approved appliances.—Philadelphia Record.

BOYCOTT THE SCRUB.

It Does Not Pay to Feed Inferior Stock of Any Kind.

Scrub stock may be a luxury enjoyed by some farmers who refuse or neglect to breed to pure-bred sires, as a useless only for hook farmers and experiment stations, but we see an excellent object lesson in the Live Stock Report, referring to feeding stock in times of depression. It shows the necessity of boycotting the scrub and selecting good grades to feed, which was never more important than now, and this should drive the scrub stock from the American farms and induce farmers who think, read and care for their own prosperity, to breed only pure-bred or high-grade stock that will return a fair profit for the feed given them. The Report says: Feeders are obliged to invest cautiously. If ever there was a time when the feeding of inferior stock should be avoided it is now, and in placing their cattle in the feed lots we strongly advise feeders to select only such stock as can be safely depended upon to make good use of the feed given it, and return fair profits for the time, labor and money expended in fitting it for market. Stock cattle are high in value, it is true, when compared with fat cattle prices. This is because supplies are light—that is, good ones. But it is usually better in the end to pay well for a good article rather than take a poor one because it is cheap, and even if we are to have low prices again next year as a result of the abundance of feed, we confidently believe prime cattle will sell at prices that will repay the feeder his money invested, and leave a fair margin of profit.

COMBINATION HOUSE.

A Practical Little Structure for Poultry, Hogs and Tools.

The accompanying engraving shows a very practical house for poultry, hogs and tools. It is built against a bank which gives warm winter quarters in



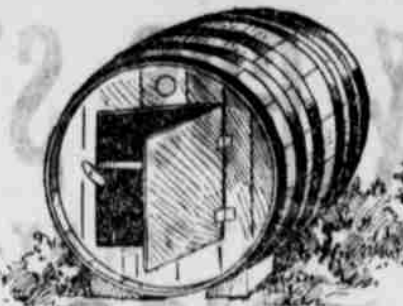
PRACTICAL COMBINATION HOUSE.

the basement for the poultry and hogs. The second story is for a tool shed and work shop—the latter being in one end. One or more pairs of large doors open in the rear of the building, so that horse rakes, mowing machines, etc., can be run in easily. The open loft above can be used for storing small tools, such as rakes, hoes, forks, etc. This combining of two buildings in one serves two desirable purposes—it cuts for only one roof to cover both and gives exceptionally warm quarters for the animals that are housed upon the lower floor.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SHELTERS FOR POULTRY.

Two Houses Which Are Popular in England and Australia.

The barrel poultry house (Fig. 1) is largely used by cottagers in England, and makes a capital house for a small lot of birds, says Australasian. Any cracks or crevices should be filled up with clay or putty. The inside should have a good coating of lime, in which some carbolic acid has been mixed, and the outside should be well tarred or



BARREL POULTRY HOUSE.

painted. When perfectly dry it should be placed on bricks or blocks of wood, so as to raise it a few inches from the ground.

The other sketch (Fig. 2) represents a more elaborate house, which can be made according to the number of birds for which it is required. The illustration explains itself, and the space under the floor is of great advantage, as



POPULAR IN AUSTRALIA.

It gives protection from the weather and is much appreciated by the birds. The house should be removed every few days on to fresh ground. It will be noted that two important points, light and ventilation, have received attention from the designer of this house. Strong handles placed at each end would facilitate removal, or the house could readily be fixed on wheels. If corrugated iron is used for the roof it should have a wooden lining, as the former is a rapid conductor of heat and cold.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Keep the quarters dry. Do not feed musty grain to the laying hens.

After a hen passes her third year she declines in value.

Boiled milk is one of the best remedies for diarrhoea.

Most cases of gapes come from feeding in filthy places.

The early hatched chicken is generally the most profitable.

Hens that moulted late will rarely begin laying before spring.

A warm feed for breakfast goes a long way in inducing hens to lay now.

A hen with a frozen comb will not lay. Have troughs in which to feed all soft feed.

There is no profit in marketing poorly fattened and poorly dressed poultry of any kind.

Eggs from fully matured fowls will not only hatch better but will produce stronger chickens.

If any considerable number of geese are kept it will pay to provide a special pasture for them.

If ducks are kept be sure to arrange so that they can be kept away from the well and the kitchen door.

On the average farm it is usually best to have only one breed of chickens, and give them the run of the farm.

A fowl that is properly housed and cared for never gets the roup unless it is in contact with fowls that have it.

While the laying hens require grain, they also require something else. They should not be overfed with one thing and stinted of others. There must be variety to secure the best results.—St. Louis Republic.

Peppermint as a Honey Plant.

Bees work on peppermint from morn till night, and if the condition of the weather permits, or with very heavy dews a bountiful flow is secured. On mornings, after a heavy dew, the happy hum of rejoicing of the industrious bees is plainly heard, which are always heavily laden. Their appearance, when toiling on peppermint, is much like that of basswood—you will find them scattered around about the hives in all states of fatigue. The honey has a consistency a little thicker than that of water, being real light in color for a full flow of nectar.

An Excellent Feeding Rack.

A simple and efficient rack for feeding hay and fodder, says a writer, is the plain box rack 2½ feet wide and any length desired. Use posts not less than 30 inches long. The lower board should be 14 to 18 inches high, according to size of sheep; the feeding space 8 to 10 inches wide and the upper board 5 to 8 inches. If such a rack is kept cleaned out and raised up as the manure accumulates about it, so that the sheep can eat from the top of the feed in the rack, very little will be wasted.

EXCESSIVE FATIGUE IS DANGEROUS.

Fatigue Means a Draught on One's Reserve Strength.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

John P. Sonnenhalter, who lives at No. 56 Meirose Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, is one of a small army who can bear testimony to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Sonnenhalter is in the prime of life. He is married and his family is his pride. He is strong and athletic and has a splendid physique. But, like many other men who are similarly fortunate in the possession of an excellent constitution, he recently overestimated the strain which it could undergo. He is the yardmaster of the Zettelmeyer Coal Company, Nos. 25 to 31 Commercial St., and in that capacity finds it necessary to exercise considerable physical strength. The use of a great deal of muscular energy, however, did not seem to affect him in any manner until last spring. Then he discovered, to his alarm, that he had been overexerting himself. He began to be troubled with congestion, mental and physical prostration, relaxation of the muscular tissues, insomnia, and other symptoms of the result of overwork. But the story in his own words is interesting, for he tells it in the plain and simple manner characteristic of a man who earns his subsistence by the sweat of his brow, and at the same time he pays a glowing tribute to his inanimate and diminutive benefactor.

"It was last May," said Mr. Sonnenhalter, "that I began to notice the effects of my hard work. The blood would rush from my head into my head, and almost make me faint. I felt that my strength was on the wane, and my entire system seemed to be out of order. Strong as I was I would feel weak. I was nervous, and felt distressed not only in body, but in mind as well. When I awoke in the morning I dreaded to think of the hard day's work which was ahead of me. My footsteps were not as light and sprightly as formerly, and I was altogether wretched. My appetite, always strong, vanished, and health, before, seemed to be deserting me. I could not sleep well, and was unable to get the rest and recreation I needed. The warm weather was at hand, and I was afraid I would break down completely unless I got better soon. I was suffering, you might say, from general debility. Was tired all over, and nearly all the time."

"I knew that something would have to be done, and soon, too. I talked with my friends about what to do, and finally decided to try this or that, but I did not heed their suggestions, and now I am glad of it. One day I picked up a little pamphlet or advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told how the medicine cured people who were suffering from just what ailed me, and I decided to buy a box, and I did. I was somewhat in doubt as to whether they were as good as it was claimed they were, but my doubt was soon removed. Those pills fixed me up in less than two weeks. I never saw a medicine work so quickly and surely as those little pills. Almost the first one I took seemed to benefit me, and the more I took the better I felt. That awfully tired and dejected feeling began to leave me almost from the start. After taking half a dozen of the pills my sleep was unbroken. Then my appetite returned, and with it came my old time vigor. My muscles are as strong as ever now, and my health is good, and the pills did just what they were advertised to do."

"My work in the coal yard is hard, and I often have to overtax myself. But I never get in the condition I was last May. I'll buy more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They do more good than a doctor, and I have recommended them to my friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

"What is this mental poise that women talk so much about nowadays?" "It is being able to look at enterprisers without feeling them crawling all over you."

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The inventor of pins did more for the world than the builder of the pyramids.—Ram's Horn.

Wrinkles come with neuralgia. They go with St. Jacobs Oil's cure of it.

Turning a mad dog loose is a trifling thing compared to what the devil can do with a gossiping tongue.—Ram's Horn.

Lots of people fool away a great deal more time training a dog than they do on their children.—Washington (la.) Democrat.

When boys first get to thinking they are men they call each other by their last names.—Washington Democrat.

When women notice anything suspicious they begin to talk and the men begin to watch.—Atchison Globe.

How many men there are who we think could have done so much better if they only had tried St. Jacobs Oil's cure of it.

A man must have mighty little to do who has time to preserve and keep in order every scrap of business paper he ever gets.—Washington (la.) Democrat.

"Can't you see that sign: 'Beware of the Dog?'" asked the lady of the house, indignantly. "No, mum, I really cannot," replied the tramp at the door. "You see, I ruined my eyesight lookin' for work."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Por," said Willie, "why is it called a gymnasium?" "Why? Why, because that's its name—ah—ah—" "Yes, I know that," said Willie, "but why didn't they call it a Tomnasium or a Robnasium, eh?"—Harper's Round Table.

Artie—"Darling, you have no idea how anxious I was while you were coming down the rope ladder. I was so afraid you had not fastened it securely above." Susie—"You needn't have been alarmed, dear. Papa tied the knot for me."—Detroit Free Press.

Simplifying the Matter.—Attorney—"In order to fight this case intelligently I must know, in the first place, whether you are guilty or not." Client—"Well, if you've got to know the truth, I'm guilty." Attorney—"Good! Now the affair is simple. All that we've got to do is to establish an alibi."—Chicago Journal.

Machinations that Machinated.—"Nothing shall part us," she murmured. An hour elapsed. "Go," she said. In that brief hour she had grown cold through the machinations of a cruder father. You see he machinated with the furnace, cutting off a heat from the front parlor.—Detroit Tribune.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BREATHLESS HUNTER.—"I say, boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?" Boy—"Yes, sir." "How long ago?" Boy—"I think it'll be three years next Christmas."—American Review.

THAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill., writes us: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a pound."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice. [K]

How it would soften the push of the door in the book agent's face sometimes, if we could see the little hands that stretch out to him for bread.—Ram's Horn.

Sick Cows.

It will tell any farmer how to cure abortion (sinking), barrenness (failure to breed) or retained afterbirth, free. Enclose two stamps. B. M. Lyster, Lyndouville, Va.

"I know now," remarked the young man who was sued for breach of promise, "why they call it 'courtin'.'"—Credit Lost.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 24 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 353 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

One reason there is so much profit in chickens is that if properly managed the neighbors provide all the feed for them.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., sent a special train load of seed, potatoes, seed oats, grasses and clovers to Texas customers, leaving La Crosse January 11th.

Either people should be more natural out in company or less natural when alone with their families.—Atchison Globe.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hall's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If you are unjust to a friend don't imagine that because he says nothing he didn't notice it.—Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

Children are beginning to understand their business when they serve free lunches.—Atchison Globe.

A man humps himself with lumbago. He bustles when cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

When the world comes to its worst it will soon be at its best.—Ram's Horn.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, fastest liver and bowel regulator made.

Keep the heart young and the body will be slow in growing old.—Ram's Horn.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Sooner or later every great thought will make its way around the world.—Ram's Horn.

Don't refuse or excuse—St. Jacobs Oil's the cure for bruise.

Before you put in a crop of wild oats remember that you will have to reap what you sow.—Ram's Horn.

The Truth About Kansas.

No State in the Union has been more slandered than Kansas. The western part of the State is as fine grazing country as the sun ever shone on, and the eastern 300 miles square raised more corn to the acre in 1893 than any other State in the Union. With only the eastern part of the State raising corn and wheat the State ranks fifth in these cereals in this country. We have more churches and schools and less illiteracy per capita than any other State. Productive smooth farm land can be bought for from \$5 to \$10 per acre. Write to K. B. DAVIS, Atchison, Kansas.

Simultaneously with the discovery of her first gray hair, a woman discovers that it runs in her family to turn gray early.—Atchison Globe.

Long and short—years with rheumatism, no time with St. Jacobs Oil—and a cure.

One idea of a good cook is one who fries oysters in such a way they don't shrink more than half.—Atchison Globe.

Bright's Disease CAN BE CURED

Bright's Disease is but advanced Kidney Disease. It is better to cure the kidney trouble in its incipency, but if you have neglected it, hesitate no longer, but cure yourself at once.

WITH SAFE WARNER'S Cure.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

FARM SEEDS

Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce. John Breider, Mitchell, Wis., astonished the world with a yield of 113 bu. of Salzer's Silver King barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Just write him. In order to gain, in 1897, 50,000 new customers, we send out free 10c. 12 pages of new and rare farm seeds, including above barley, Teasdale, Giant Spurry, Sand Vetch, etc. Wheat, and other varieties, positively worth \$10 to get a start, all postpaid. Including our great seed catalog, for 10c. Largest growers of farm seeds and potatoes in the world. 36 pages, earliest vegetable seeds. \$1 Catalog tells all about it. Gladly mailed to intending buyers. Send this notice.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LACROSSE, WIS.

SOUTHERN HOMES IN TEXAS

In the celebrated Coast Country. Cheap and on reasonable terms. Fruit, vegetable and field crop farms. Great production. Direct markets. Diversified crops. Travel via Frisco Line from St. Louis and Kansas City. Write for rates and full information, write THE AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, 303 Race Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE

CINCINNATI, E. KRAUSER & BRO., MILTON, PA.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS

AND Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pain. Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEANON, OHIO.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREENE, 3033, Atlanta, Ga.

IT IS THE BEST. YUCATAN.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CHILLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. "Peanut Good." Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—E. 1641

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

10c 25c 50c

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative and booklet free. AD. STEVENS & SONS, CHICAGO, ILL., or New York, N.Y.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, April 29, 1897.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For State Senator.

We are authorized to announce JOHN A. TAULBEE, of Hazel Green, as a candidate for State Senator for the 34th Senatorial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For Surveyor of Morgan County.

We are authorized to announce JAMES S. HALSEY as a candidate for County Surveyor of Morgan county, subject to the decision of the voters at the November, 1897, election.

BREVITIES.

LOUISVILLE Democrats nominated a harmony ticket for municipal offices last week.

CONGRESS and the Kentucky legislature should join hands and form a new party called the "Do Nothings."

THE opera house at Frankfort was crowded to its utmost capacity last week on the occasion of Hon. Wm. J. Bryan's address.

THE contest for United States senator is nearly as badly mixed in Florida as in Kentucky—Call and anti-Call, being the Florida aspirants.

ONE inch of rain falling over the region drained by the Mississippi river is equal to 21,780,000,000,000 gallons. So says a scientist who has figured it out.

NOT a fourth class postmaster has been appointed in Kentucky by the Republican administration, nor is there likely to be until the senatorial question is settled.

SOME queer names are adopted for postoffices. A new office has been established in Indian Territory named Robbers Roost, and Henry Leach appointed postmaster.

SENATOR LINDSAY has our thanks for a copy of his great speech on "A uniform system of bankruptcy," in which he shows that he possesses a master mind and mature thought.

THE Memphis flood sufferers' relief committee has issued a circular to the public announcing that on account of action of the general government no further contributions by the public will be required.

THE seventh annual convention of the United Confederate Veterans will be held at Nashville, Tenn., June 22, 23 and 24. It will be the largest and most important reunion ever held, and every veteran who can should attend.

A NUMBER of Republican congressmen, admiring the fight Dr. Hunter has made for the senatorship, will join in a request to the president to give Hunter a good slice of federal pie. The doctor, however, says he is not an applicant for federal favors.

THE Republican caucus at Frankfort to nominate a candidate in place of Dr. Hunter, who withdrew from the senatorial race, succeeded in settling on Hon. W. J. Deboe on the twenty-eighth ballot. And he stands as much show for being elected as Dr. Hunter.

"EXPRESSION," a handsome quarterly magazine, devoted to art, literature, and the spoken word, has found its way to our desk. It is edited by S. S. Curry, Ph. D., and other teachers, and published in the great bean bakery of the world Boston, Mass., at the low price of \$1 per year.

WE do not know the present commonwealth's attorney in the Franklin-Woodford-Scott district, but all the same we hail with delight the news that Bob Franklin, the erstwhile editor of the Beattyville Enterprise, received the nomination. Bob is a wheel horse in the

party and that he will prove a powerful prosecutor no one that has ever heard him speak can for a moment doubt. Bob lived long enough in the mountains to make us feel that he is one of us, and here's a hope he'll "carry the banner" of victory for the Democratic party in his district next fall.

EDITORIAL excellence and typographical triumph are so beautifully blended in the Sunday Dispatch as to be bewitching. If the sample sets the standard it will be a star in the galaxy of great papers in this and other states. In short, she's a "beaut;" a poem and a pansy; an easter lily and a lilac; a tube-rose and a touch-me-not. We tip our tile to the Dispatch, and hope she may continue to grow in grace and be ever surrounded by a free silver circle of success. What will the star-eyed goddess, that painted harlot, with her chameleon complexion and characteristics, do now for a living? Her charms can no longer have a marketable value with a beautiful and pure damsel like the Louisville Dispatch as her rival.

THE May meeting of the Kentucky racing Association at Lexington begins on Monday next and will end on Monday, May 10. The seven days' sport thus promised will embrace some of the most exciting equine contests ever witnessed upon that famous old course, and it is gratifying to notice the interest manifested in the meeting by the enterprising business men of Lexington. There will be five races each day, and every purse has been subscribed to by some firm in the city. When people pull together they generally make a success, and the coming meeting at Lexington will prove the truth of the assertion. The association has our thanks for its handsome "Press badge" and catalogue, both of which reflect credit upon our friend of other days, D. N. Zimmerman, the elite printer.

Mormonism.

Rev. L. E. Mann, pastor of Methodist church at this place, being well informed on the doctrine of Mormonism, requests us to publish the following for the benefit of any who may be interested: There are in our midst two Mormon elders. I know nothing personally of these men, but I do know of their doctrine, and on the principle that a man is no better than the cause he advocates, people should beware. I give below a few clippings and would be glad to furnish a complete history of their doctrine and life to any who desire it.

"Whatever strikes at the peace and purity of the home, strikes at the very foundation of Christian civilization, and if Mormonism should succeed, it simply transplants the system of the Moslem to America, and the free, happy, civilized American would become the unpeppable Turk, and the horrid butcheries of Armenia would become familiar scenes in America. May God prevent the day."

—Rev. R. F. Orr, in Central Methodist. "Mrs. R. H. Menifee, the daughter of Jouett, the famous Kentucky artist, and a resident of Louisville, gives an interesting account of a visit paid by her to Nauvoo shortly after Joseph Smith was killed, and before the exodus of the Mormons began from Illinois.

"Mrs. Menifee conversed with both the wife and the mother of the prophet. Mrs. Smith did not accept the religion of her husband, and when asked by her visitor for her opinion of Mormonism pointed to her sons and tragically exclaimed that 'she would rather they were drowned in the bottom of the Mississippi river than that they become Mormons.' This testimony from the prophet's own wife, who was certainly in a position to judge of the worth of Mormonism, is very good evidence to prove the utter falsity of the whole religion."

—Philip Collingwood, in Courier Journal.

Eight Feet Long and Three Feet Wide.

County Judge Charles G. Richie, as a matter of curiosity, calculated what will be the size of the ballot that will be used at the November election. The result of the calculation was that the ballot would cover a sheet of paper about eight feet in length and three feet in width.

The calculation was made on the following basis: Altogether there will be eighty-four candidates under each party device, and allowing one inch for each candidate and twelve inches for the margin and party devices, this will take paper ninety-six inches or eight feet in length. From present indications Judge Richie thinks that there will be from six to ten different tickets, which will require the width of about three or four inches, which will make the width of the ballot between two and three feet.—Louisville Post.

Blood and Nerves are very closely related. Keep the blood rich, pure and healthy, with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have no nervousness.

Hood's Pills are best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, prevent constipation

GREAT CLOSING SALE!

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

LEXINGTON, KY.

The Best \$5.00 Suit 7.50 Suit 10.00 Suit in Kentucky.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

When you visit Lexington, do not fail to call on Louis & Gus Straus.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

HERE'S A GOOD THING:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Three-a-Week World.....1 00—\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 65

HERE'S ANOTHER:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer.....75—\$1 75
Both Papers, One Year.....1 50

AND STILL ANOTHER:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Louisville Weekly Commercial.....1 00—\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 25

THIS IS A "CORKER":

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Louisville Evening Post.....5 00—\$6 00
Both Papers, One Year.....2 70

YOU CAN'T MISS THIS:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Toledo Weekly Blade.....1 00—\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 25

JUST LOOK AT THIS:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal.....1 00—\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 50

ANOTHER BARGAIN:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Home & Farm, semi-monthly.....50—\$1 50
Both Papers, One Year.....1 25

ONCE MORE:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
The Cosmopolitan, monthly.....1 00—\$2 00
Both one year.....1 80

THE BEST OF ALL:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Louisville Weekly Dispatch.....1 00—\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 65

This offer is open to new subscribers who pay one year in advance, and to all old subscribers who pay up arrears and one year in advance. Now is the time to subscribe. Send for sample copies.

Any publication in the United States will be furnished in connection with THE HERALD and our subscribers allowed the discount. Address

THE HERALD, Hazel Green, Ky.

NEW MILLINERY.

MRS. S. B. KASH.

Fashionable : Milliner,

Will be in Hazel Green this spring with a full line of the latest and newest styles of Millinery Goods, at the lowest prices, and asks the ladies to await her coming before making their spring purchases.

NEWEST STYLES, LOWEST PRICES.

W. J. SEITZ, WITH
W. M. KERR & CO.,

JOBBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,
IRONTON, O.

COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.

J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics specialty

DEATH

When it refers to the end of our earthly career has a horrible sound to any but the saintly. But in the sense we use it, it refers to the annihilation of high prices and renders everybody happy, especially in hard times. See our prices on a few staples:

Arbuckle Coffee, 15c per pound, only.....	Good Green Coffee \$1 Eight pounds for.....
Extra "C" Sugar, 6c per pound, only.....	APPLES 10c 2-pound can, only.....
Men's Good Brogan Shoes, 95c As long as they last.....	SEA GRASS ROPE 20c 50 feet for.....
Ladies' Good G. G. Shoes, 90c While they last.....	TIN CUPS 10c Half gallon, quart and pint, all for.....
SODA 4c per pound.....	2-Cal. Tin Bucket 15c For the very low price of.....
PIE PEACHES 10c 2-pound can, only.....	All Other Goods in Proportion.

When you want Bargains you can be gratified by calling on

J. R. DEBUSK & CO.
MIZE, KENTUCKY.

Merchantable Produce taken in Exchange for Goods, otherwise Cash.

J. M. HAVENS,
PRACTICAL
Jeweler and Watchmaker,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Keeps a full line of Watches, Jewelry, and Spectacles.

Repairing Fine Watches and Gold Spectacles a Specialty.

If you need anything in the Jewelry Line or Fine Silverware, see us
We can save you big money.

Winchester : Bank.
WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,
MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

W. T. COLVIN, WITH
TRIMBLE BROTHERS,

Wholesale Grocers,

MT. STERLING, KY

A. FLOYD BYRD, Campton, Ky.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

CHAS. T. BYRD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CAMPTON, KY.

Collections a specialty.

A. HOWARD STAMPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CAMPTON, KY.,

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to us, care will receive prompt attention.

THE HERALD.

LOCAL LACONICS.

Good green coffee 12c. at the J. T. Day Racket Store.

A Mr. Gaines, of Frankfort, has rented the hotel at Torrent.

J. T. Day left Saturday for Torrent, Mt. Sterling and other points.

A good cook can find a good situation by applying immediately at this office.

Tom Mayne, representing Ball Warfield Co., was a guest of the Day House Monday night.

Shoes and slippers away down in price but high up in quality at the J. T. Day Racket Store.

Miss Lula Allen, of White Oak, and J. H. Fugate, of Grassy, enrolled in the Academy Monday.

E. O. Amos, with Ford, Eaton & Co., Cincinnati, was registered at the Day House Monday night.

Edward Day, who went to Clay City with J. B. Thompson and family, returned home Tuesday.

Charley Russell, log measurer for the Center lumber company, was in town Monday and Tuesday.

H. C. Swango, of White Oak, has sold his house and lot in Hazel Green to Mrs. Eliza McNabb, of Tolver.

Uncle Joe Clark left Tuesday morning for Maytown, where he is engaged in building a mill for W. W. Manker.

Preaching at the Methodist church Saturday evening at 7:30, also Sunday morning and evening, by the pastor.

Capt. Dickson, with Mosby, Raum & Gogreve, Cincinnati, interviewed our merchants Monday as to the grocery trade.

R. J. McLin and John Evans returned Saturday from Torrent, where they were engaged last week invoicing the store of J. T. Day.

Henry Matlock, representing the boot and shoe house of McMillan, Hazen & Co., Knoxville, Tenn., was a guest of the Day House over Sunday.

T. A. Eastridge, of Paintsville, will be here early in May and will remain sometime. He will be ready to take and finish pictures when he comes.

There will be baptismal services at the river Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Seven persons will be baptised into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

Is advertising necessary? Of course it isn't; neither is the telegraph, nor the limited train; but when it comes to making quick connections they're mighty convenient.—Press and Printer.

Subjects for sermons at the Christian church Sunday morning and evening are "Why Seek God?" and "And Conditions for Taking the Way of Life." To both services all are cordially invited.

Never go away from home without a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Change of climate, change of apartments or exposure may bring on a cold which nothing but this famous remedy will cure.

On account of the great Wallace shows the Lexington and Eastern railway will sell round trip tickets to Lexington on Monday, May 3, at one and one third fare for the round trip, return coupons good until May 4.

A man must be pretty well covered with moss not to be a regular advertiser. A family down in Florida lost their child and, after failing to find it for two days, put a twenty-five notice in the paper and the next morning they were surprised to see an alligator on the steps where he had disgorged the child alive and then died himself.—Press & Printer.

The ladies of Hazel Green and vicinity will be pleased to learn that they will soon have an opportunity of seeing the finest display of millinery goods, ribbons, notions, etc., ever brought to Hazel Green. Mrs. S. B. Kash, who has been in Louisville for the past few months, will return in a few days, and on Friday and Saturday of next week, May 7 and 8, display to the admiring gaze of the ladies an entire new stock of the latest patterns of millinery.

Agents Wanted to Sell
Spring beds and braces, patent lock pin clavis, Turko-Russian baths and appliances (in connection for physicians) and specialties. Address J. M. Havens, Hazel Green, Ky.

The series of meetings at the Christian church closed on Monday evening. There were seventeen sermons, and sixteen additions to the church. Rev. White won the esteem and love of all Christians in our midst. His sermons were clear and forcible, always magnifying Jesus and His love for humanity. The simple story of the cross was effectively presented, and there was glorying only in the cross of Christ through which we are saved. The church at Midway, of which Mr. White is pastor, gladly gave him the time for this meeting, and its members may well feel they had something to do in the salvation of these souls. At the close of the service on Monday evening, the congregation sang "God be With You Till We Meet Again," and bade Mr. White good bye, and sent by him kindly greetings and hearty thanks to the church at Midway. All would be glad to hear this man of God again, should he be able to visit here in the future.

A Portsmouth (O.) special to the Cincinnati Enquirer, dated April 23, gives the following startling information:

"Henry Nickell and Miss Anna Wells, a runaway couple from Wolfe county, Kentucky, were married here yesterday at the courthouse. They had attempted to secure a license at Ironton, but were refused, as they stated there that the bride was but 17. She apparently aged on the trip, as here her age was given as 21. Nickell is 32.

One Thousand More Wanted.
HEWITT, TEX., April 19, 1897.

SPENCER COOPER: Dear Sir—You will find enclosed \$1, for which you will give me credit on subscription; also please change my address from Hewitt to Waco. With best wishes, I am very truly yours,
BENJ. F. QUICKSALL.

LANE, KY., April 26, 1897.—Gents. I received my paper; here is your money for it. Free silver does business, don't it.
GEORGE SEWELL.

Maytown Missiles.
R. A. Day has returned from Cincinnati and reports a nice trip.

Find enclosed subscription to THE HERALD for John M. Henry, Maytown, Ky.

Mr. Barger, representing Bartow, Henderson & Co., Huntington, W. Va., spent Sunday in town as the guest of W. P. Sample. Your Mort was around town most of the day.

It was reported that Bro. J. T. Sexton had been seen at work last week sowing and plowing in oats. We waited on Bro. Sexton and he said it was true but to say nothing about it for people will talk.

Quite a delegation has passed here today from Stillwater to attend Squire J. M. Murphy's court. We noticed Attorney Byrd in the crowd. About two or three boys from Stillwater formed a co-partnership in the wholesale harness and saddle business, and now, from every appearance today, the creditors are trying to find out who is head of the firm. It is said the business manager is worth about six or seven thousand dollars, and if that be true the firm ought to be solvent.

April 27. WINGLESS

Jaubs Jangles.
Mrs. Amanda Franklin is very sick.

Harlan O'Hair has moved his family to the Jaubs.

There will be preaching at the Caskey school house Sunday.

Harlan McClure and George Lawson left yesterday for Clark county.

"Dock" Stamper has killed over 300 squirrels and cleared 12 acres of new ground since the first of March.

Richard Wells left last Friday night without letting any one know where he was going and has not been heard of since.

April 26. ALVIN.

Arbuckle coffee 15c. or 7 pounds for \$1 at the J. T. Day Co. Racket Store.

TAX SALE.

School District No. 7, Wolfe county, Ky.—As treasurer of the above named district, on the 29th day of May, 1897, between the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door, I will proceed to sell at public outcry, to pay school taxes due me as treasurer of the above named district for the years 1893-94-95, the land of the following named person, situated within said district, or so much thereof as may be needed to pay the taxes due, and costs as indicated herein. The land levied on as the property of Wm. Spencer who is due \$5.98 for taxes, is bounded on the south by the lands of S. F. Allen, east by Joseph Harris and Joseph Spencer, north by Henry Alexander, west by John B. Horton and Lem Spencer, and listed in the name of Wm. Spencer.

Given under my hand this April 26, 1897.
JOSEPH HARRIS,
Treas. School Dist. No. 7, Wolfe Co.
(Advertising fee \$1.)

WANTED!

1,000 Pounds of Bacon, \$3,000 You Owe Us!

And all the good trade of Wolfe and Morgan Counties.

Now we lay us down to sleep,
We pray the Lord our goods to keep,
Unless the CASH for them we get,
As for our creditors now we sweat.

Breathethere a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I will not wait till I am dead,
To pay Pieratt & Co. for meat and bread?

There are some men we know full well,
Who never such a tale could tell,
But they, we fear, will go to—well,
The place where there's no winter.

Others we know to friends are just,
To such we never say, You must;
For at the time and promised day,
They're on hand and in full pay!
Amen.

H. F. PIERATT & CO.,

Friends of the People.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.

GUS. LUIGART, Proprietor.

No More Hard Times.

If you sleep on the patent self adjusting spring beds, made of bessemer steel, warranted ten years. Manufactured by J. M. Havens, Hazel Green, Ky.

J. R. DeBuck & Co., of Mize, are now selling Arbuckle coffee at 15c a pound.

SHERIFF'S SALE FOR TAXES

BY VIRTUE OF TAXES due the State of Kentucky and County of Wolfe for the years named below, I, or one of my deputies, will, on MONDAY, the 3rd DAY OF MAY, 1897, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door, in the town of Campton, Wolfe county, Kentucky, it being county court day, expose, at public sale, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, the following real estate, or so much thereof as will be necessary, to satisfy the following tax and cost on same, to-wit:

Faulkner, Henry, 50 acres of land adjoining the lands of James Napier, District No. 5, for the year 1894, total tax and cost.....	\$4 36
Hollingsworth, Rebecca, 28 acres of land, adjoining the lands of Wm. Pence, District No. 5, for the year 1895, total tax and cost.....	2 90
Stamper, James W., 100 acres of land, adjoining the lands of Edmon Law, District No. 6, balance due for the year 1893, tax and cost.....	4 43
Arnold, James H., 60 acres of land, adjoining the lands of K. U. Land Co., District No. 4, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	4 20
Drake, Robert, 120 acres of land, adjoining the lands of Colbert Payne, District No. 4, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	4 20
Fisher, Permelia, 850 acres of land, adjoining the lands of Thomas Turner, District No. 4, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	17 12
Potter, D. S. C. M., 1,373 acres of land, adjoining the land of Thomas Turner, District No. 4, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	26 12
Turner, Thomas, 3,432 acres of land, adjoining the lands of D. S. C. M. Potter, District No. 4, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	62 16
Trimble, J. H., 808 acres of land, adjoining the land of Thomas Turner, District No. 4, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	16 24
Irvine Lumber Co., 1,800 acres of land adjoining land of J. G. Taulbee, District No. 3, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	80 82
Hooker, S. P., 125 acres of land, adjoining the land of E. T. Drake, District No. 3, for the year 1896, total tax and cost.....	4 74
Sally, Jas., one town lot in Lee City, District No. 1, for the years 1892-93-94, total tax and cost.....	9 66
This April 7, 1897.	

WALLIS AND WHEELER,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.

Having leased the shop known as the Frank Tyler shop, and purchased a new and complete line of blacksmithing and wagon making tools and materials, are prepared to do all kinds of work in our line, and at the most reasonable rates. Give us a call and a trial. Respectfully,

W. J. WALLIS,
G. W. WHEELER.

NORMAL. PREPARATORY

Hazel Green Academy.

Cheapest and Best School in Eastern Kentucky.

THE NEXT TERM OF TEN WEEKS WILL BEGIN

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1897.

A THOROUGH REVIEW

Of the Public School Course will be given. Here is an opportunity to prepare for the Examinations for Teachers' Certificates.

Studies in the Regular Course may be taken without extra cost.

Tuition for the Ten Week, \$5.00. Matriculation, \$1.00.
Board, \$20.00.

Enter on the 29th.

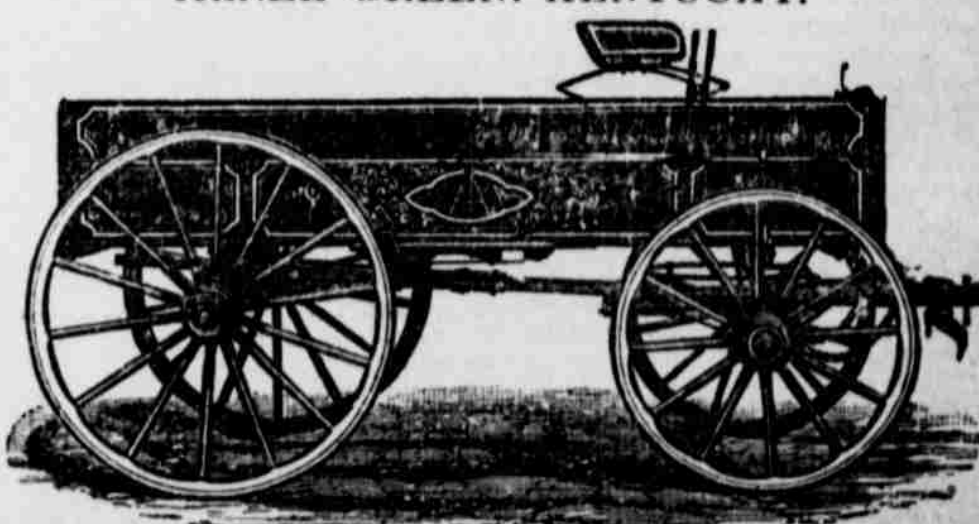
WM. H. CORD, Principal.

ROSE & DAVIS

PRACTICAL

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

Bowling Green Business College
THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.
A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Typewriting.
HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS.
RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.
CATALOGUE—JOURNAL FREE. Cherry Bect. Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HERALD IS THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN EASTERN KY.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN. 1 1 1 KY.

THE BEST KING.

You may talk of the pleasure of filling a throne,
And ruling a nation whose homage is shown,
And owning a palace with millions of gold,
And nothing to do but enjoying yourself.
You may envy the few who are doing these things,
And wish you were born to be one of the kings—
But if you will only look into my door
I'll show you a king who has happiness more.

When day's work is over, with wings on my feet,
I fly to my humble home—palace so sweet
And pause on its threshold a moment to see
The windows illumined with brightness for me.

And then when I enter, my subjects who show
More love and affection than real kings know,
All vie with the other in giving me there
A welcome that's royal and joyful to share.

My beautiful queen with the prince in her arms,
Both decked for my coming and glowing with charms,
Salute me as if I returned from a war—
Though "good-by" was said a few hours before.

My brave heir apparent, too big to be held,
And with a true boy's growing ardor impelled,
Extends me a greeting which—barring its noise—
No king but myself on home-coming enjoys.

My two little princesses, modest and sweet
And miniature models of mother complete,
Enchantingly slip their soft fingers in mine
And lead me, so willing, right into my shrine.

Then doffing my coat-robe and derby hat-crown,
To "a dinner that's fit for a king" I sit down,
And asking a blessing—which kings never do—
A banquet I have—and an appetite, too.

Such cooking—all home-made—pies, puddings and cakes,
Which only a queen like my own ever makes,
So dainty, so wholesome, so good, everything—
The feast I enjoy is unknown to a king.

And after the banquet, in slippers and gown,
In my easy chair throne I sit cozily down,
And listen to music and song from my queen,
Much sweeter, I think, than a palace has seen.

Then after my subjects, so loyal with love,
Are sent by the sandman to dreamland above,
My queen and her king settle down to enjoy
The quiet of home—which no mob will destroy.

Affairs of the state never worry us there;
No treason we fear and no dangers we dare;
With papers and books and sweet converse we find
Companionship rare of the spirit and mind.
With a conscience serene I can sleep on my bed
Without any guard to keep watch on my head,
And rise in the morning to lovingly reign
O'er my little home kingdom of dear ones again.

—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Sun.

THE BANK MYSTERY.

"I've come, judge, to ask if you'll let me tell you what no one on earth don't know but me; 'bout that bank mystery."

"Yes, thank you, I will sit down. A fire feels good on a night like this. 'Tain't often such as I have a chance at this kind of comfort and luxury."

"What do I know about the bank mystery? Land sakes, judge, time they opened the bank that day ten years ago and found the bank vault broke into and the safe blown up and not a dollar gone, I could have told it all. The people of Tiverton ain't done talking and wondering 'bout it yet, and there ain't never been no one livin' as could tell what it all meant but me."

"I brought some papers—here they are, judge—where it's all written down and I can swear to it if you like. I don't want them never used, though, unless I die and something comes up as would make it best for my family to know, though there's things in it I'd rather die than have 'em know. If it's all the same to you, judge, I'd like to tell it to you. Seems like I'd get rid of a load and would be happier and die easier feelin' I'd spoken it out to one livin' human."

"You'll be glad to listen? That's good of you. I knowed you was a kind man and a just one; that's why I come to you. No, thank you, I don't smoke; I put all that money away for me wife and children."

"Do you hear that storm? Outside seems like the evil powers was let loose. You can't judge 'bout it here. It comes kind of muffled like through those thick curtains and it don't shake this house like it does some."

"It's this kind of night as makes men huddle together, judge, and plan how to get rich and have fine things such as the likes of you. I've been through it all; I know. I've felt as if I had as good a right to 'em as anyone, and I was bound to have 'em, too. I warn't brought up to no trade nor nothin', and fair means scemins' to fall, I took to the other."

"Yes, judge, I started out in life a thief and a robber. I prospered fairly in a small way and no one didn't catch up with me for some time. Then I joined a gang in for anything. Oh, but it was fascinating! It was like drink; I couldn't give it up and I couldn't get

enough of it. I was in prison and out then, the old story, till I married and begun to have little ones."

"Then, Lord knows what helped me—something did—and for the sake of my wife and children I broke loose from everything and came here, where no one didn't know me, to start over again. I had some money and opened the restaurant just opposite the bank. "Long as I didn't read the papers I got on well; but let me see them and I'd hunt through 'em for robberies and I'd be crazy for awhile, aching to be in it all again. Seem 'bout my old pals gettin' in trouble didn't make no difference."

"Time came, though, when I begun to enjoy life differently, and to feel myself more respectable. The love for the old life began to go till I could read about it without gittin' all fired up. I thought then I was all right."

"Then they come here, part of the gang I'd belonged to. First I knowed of it was seein' 'em in the restaurant. I spiced they weren't here for no good and it most took my breath away. They knowed me quick enough, too, and nothin' wouldn't do but I must join 'em. I was the very man they wanted. I could help 'em and I was bound to 'em. 'Twas the biggest thing they'd undertaken yet; the bank. They'd come on to examine the situation, knowing that Mr. Durkee, the new mill owner, would make a big payment soon and the money for it would be in the bank here. If there warn't nothin' else, that would be a big haul, a haul worth havin', and me bein' here decided 'em."

"I do think the devil brought all his friends and relations with him that night to tempt me. I forgot how to sleep, and just couldn't stay in bed. I wonder I warn't in tatters by mornin' with the devil tuggin' at me as he did and tryin' to keep me out of the room where my sleepin' children lay."

"It makes me creep and perspire all over now to think of it."

"Ver see, them bank people come over to my place for lunch best part of the time, and they all knowed my little people, and the mill people knowed 'em, too. My oldest boy worked in the mill, and they'd been as kind as could be when he's sick. Christmas time they's good to him, too, and there warn't a bank officer but had remembered my little people, even to the watchman. Seemed like robbing my own people, somehow. It's bound not to inform on the gang, and they's bound to rob their bank; but I cursed 'em in my heart for countin' just when I was gettin' rid of the old life for good and all. 'Twas awful!"

"Well, judge, you know how them rooms over the bank was rented to start a new daily paper. I made 'em swear solemn as my name warn't to appear nowhere. I'd plan it all out and give 'em points and be on hand at the last, but I had to be cautious."

"They found out when the money was to be paid, and 'greed on the night before for the robbery. I had it all mapped out for 'em where and how they was to loosen up the boards of the floor in their room above, so we could break through and lower ourselves into the vault when the time come. Then yer see we'd only have the safe to get into and the great iron door between us and the watchman."

"Everything was ready, and we was pretty sure the money was paid."

"Do you hear that storm now, judge? 'Twas like that ten years ago to-night, dark as Egypt, with the rain and wind a perfect hurricane; a terrible night; the kind of night for any sort of crime. The men chuckled to themselves. 'Twas a fortune sure this time, and they'd all be on the way to comfort and safety before day. I ain't never seen 'em so excited. Nothin' hadn't gone wrong and nothin' couldn't now."

"We had sentinels stationed round to give the alarm, but there warn't much danger on a night like that."

"We had planned so as to have the door of the safe ready to blow open when the watchman went downstairs to see to his fires. I knowed the time of night he did so, seein' him often from my house across the way through the window of the bank; but to make sure we stationed a man where he could give the signal at the proper time. With the watchman downstairs and we shut in that vault, with solid masonry below us, 'twarn't in the range of possibilities for human to hear us."

"'Twas planned that when we broke through the ceiling, me and one of the others was to go down first with the lanterns and tools and get the door ready for Jim Groggan, the leader of the gang, to come down and use the dynamite, and to be on hand to take out the money."

"It was just the night for such a piece of work, and after I had examined to see if all was safe, knowin' the dangers better than the others, we broke through the floor and lowered the ladder, and there we was—right in the vault. 'Twas well for me I'd hit it right, for my life warn't worth much if any o' my plannin' failed to work."

"Tom Doolan in a hurry went down first, and when I was half way down he started back, sayin' in a hoarse kind of whisper:

"'Who called me?"

"'No one, you fool,' said Jim."

"'Then,' he said, and he ran past me on the ladder, some one is down there. Twit I heard some one say: 'Go back, go back.'"

"'We'll gag him,' said Jim, and me and him went down and turned our lan-

terns round, lookin' everywhere, but there warn't no one there."

"'What's the matter with the fool?' growled Jim, and went back and tried to send him down again, but he just wouldn't go, so Jim cursed him, and he and me begun to get the safe ready to blow up."

"That's a thing as takes time and care, judge, but we went at it with a will, and never a word. It was so still you could almost hear your heart beat, when all of a sudden come a smothered cry like a woman's. We stopped work and looked at each other, Jim's face white and scared."

"'What was that?' he said. 'I often hears 'em on the street like that,' said I."

"'That warn't on the street; it sounded close by,' said Jim. 'We couldn't hear nothin' outside in this place.'"

"'Nonsense,' said I, 'don't you make a fool of yourself, too, and spoil all,' and I went to work again."

"I could see how his hand trembled for awhile and then got steady again."

"'That must have come through the room upstairs,' he said presently. 'Queer, though; it sounded so close.'"

"Then we worked on, and there warn't nothin' more to be heard. Rest of the gang might all have been dead men, for all the sound they made, and we didn't say nothin'; and so the night went on."

"At last we had it all ready, and were only waiting for the signal to blow it up and then—money enough to make us all rich. 'Tain't such as you can realize the excitement and the strain of such a moment. To know it's all there, ready, and then to have to wait! It's easier walkin' over red-hot coals. It's all right to go on and work, but to stay still and only breathe and listen gives a man the shivers."

"Presently Jim caught my arm."

"'Say, I thought I heard voices, did you?' he whispered."

"'The men upstairs,' I said."

"'Sounded down here. Have your pistol ready.'"

"I took my pistol and went round the vault again carefully, and then held it up to examine the walls. Then I shook my head. There warn't no way we could hear no one."

"'It's the queerest place I ever was in,' said Jim, 'and by Jove I'll be glad when we are out of it. Why don't that signal come? suppose there's any hitch? I swear I hear voices again.'"

"Just then come the signal and Jim begun to apply dynamite; but his hands trembled so and his eyes looked so wild and excited, his own wife wouldn't know him."

"The money, the money," he whispered, 'we must have it now.'"

"We got out of the way just in time and then out came the door."

"The inside door, quick!" said Jim, but the explosion had made that fall inside, and we could just lift it out."

"Have the bag ready," said Jim, as he leaned forward to haul out the great piles of bank notes and silver we could see by the light of the lanterns."

"Hands off, or you are a dead man!"

"It was a voice that would most have waked the dead. I dropped my bag and Jim drew back his hand, caught hold of me with a grip like iron, and we begun to go slowly back to the ladder."

"The combination is all right; we have them now, they can't escape us."

"We were half up the ladder when we heard the click, click of the lock, and as we drew the ladder up after us we could hear the rasping of the hinges of the iron door."

"Fly, fly, for your lives; we are discovered," said Jim, as he went round to warn the men; and in the darkness and the wind and the rain they went away and I ain't never seen one of 'em since. I heard, though, as when they found there warn't no one there and the bank people didn't know nothin' 'bout it till the next morning, they just believed as the bank was haunted, sure."

"Do I know what it was, judge? There ain't no one else does know, that's sure. 'Tain't much, after all."

"Yer see, playin' round with my little ones, I found as I could make 'em hear all kinds of noises anywhere I wanted, and people cryin' and laughin'. It was fun for them and I often done it; but that night's the last time. Yer see one of the gang didn't know 'bout that, and I didn't keer ever to have 'em know it now. It saved the bank without my informin', and that's all I care for."

"Oh, no, judge, the bank don't owe me nothin'. You'll take care of the papers? Thank you. I'm obliged to you for listenin', too. It kind of makes me feel easier."

"No, no, thank you. I won't stay and take no more of your time. Don't get up; I can find my way out."

"What's that you say, judge? You honor and respect me—me? And the bank—land, judge, twarn't me; 'twas my wife and children saved the bank, and I'm proud of 'em—proud of 'em, judge. Good-night." — Philadelphia Times.

Adamantine.

"Do you think, doctor, that a portion of the cheek will have to be removed?" asked the drummer.

"There's no other way. I will have to drill and blast just as a safe blower does in his business." — Detroit Free Press.

—A statistical authority asserts that in 1880 there were 2,532 cheese factories.

VACANCIES AT WEST POINT.

Military Spirit Seems to Be Failing On Among American Youth.

There are more cadets at West Point to-day than ever before, yet there are 40 vacancies. The adjutant general of the army comments on the falling off during the past year of the number of students at civil schools where military instruction is given by army officers detailed for that purpose. It is current talk in educational circles that there is marked decrease of interest in uniforms, drilling and military organizations among students in schools primarily devoted to preparing lads and young men for civil life.

On the other hand, there is a great and constantly increasing desire among the people of this country for decorations. Buttons and other insignia are worn by half the people one meets. Not only does this desire show itself as an incident of the present political interest and excitement, but every association, no matter for what purpose, seems disposed to distinguish itself by some kind of button, medal, badge or ribbon. This is easily noticeable at Washington among the hundreds of excursions of societies, schools, permanent organizations and clubs that during the year go there to see the capital of the nation.

It would appear from this that the military spirit of our people, that for a number of years has induced our young men to voluntarily submit to somewhat of the hardships of military education, is growing less as the period of peace grows longer, while, at the same time, fondness for display is increasing.

But in truth there is a reason beneath all this for the falling off of interest in military instruction in civil schools. The pomp and circumstance of war are very attractive. But our youth have learned enough under tuition of regular army instructors to discover that the work of preparation is extremely arduous and restrictive of other paths of pleasure and entertainment perhaps quite as profitable in the walks of life they are destined to follow.

The fact, long recognized by other nations, is now appearing to us that in time of peace it is impossible to engage and retain the interest of young men still in their educational experience in that constant, unremitting teaching, exercise, and, above all, discipline essential to the attainment of even a respectable standard of military instruction. — Philadelphia Times.

PICTURESQUE SIENA.

She Is the Typical Gothic City of Tuscany.

Siena, like a true daughter of Rome, is throned superbly upon many hills, but the wolf and the twins watch over a medieval city, and the ancient Colonia Julia Senensis holds, higher than any other Italian town save Florence, the double symbol of church and state in the middle ages, the towers of the cathedral and of the public palace.

We have seen the city in many phases, under black clouds with leadstones, sliding in stormy, struggling sunlight against the sculptures of Fonte Gaia and the rain streamlets rushing down its steep streets; and we have seen it set like a town in a miasma against a still, flat, blue background of sky; we have seen it from the terraces of the Observanza, rising above its walls, which overarch the intermediate valley, and from distant southern Monte Oliveto its towers of the Mangia and the cathedral dwindled to mere pin points. We have strolled through its narrow streets at all times and at all seasons, have looked at the dazzling facade of the Duomo in the glare of noon, and lingered in the great campo when it lay white and still in the chill moonlight. We have watched the gray, bleak hills on which the town is pedestaled turned to freshest, tenderest green; we have climbed the slopes of the olive orchards and looked through skurrying snowflakes at the ramparts rising above us; and from every point, from without her gates and within her walls, from the towers above and the valley below, Siena makes an impression only upon us: Etruscan town, Roman colony as she was, the middle ages set their seal upon her and she is the typical gothic city of Tuscany, almost of Italy. — Scribner's.

A Battery of Eyes.

A method of repressing the spitting habit, against which they are now making a crusade in Baltimore, is suggested by a Baltimore woman. This is her pique: "Whenever a male passenger on a street car begins to expectorate let every woman aboard just look steadily at him. There need be no especial severity expressed by the look, nor an excess of indignation or rebuke, for too much feeling shown in a glance, if the guilty fellow were inclined to be coarse, might subject one to an insulting remark. But each female face should wear a well-bred air of offended delicacy and surprise. There is not a woman out of ten in this city, I will venture to assert, who will not understand how to express all these emotions in a single look and not overdo it." — N. Y. World.

The Old-Fashioned Man.

"But what real objections can you have to women riding a wheel, Mr. Growell?"

"To tell the truth, I don't mind admitting that I object to it mostly because many of them ride better than the men." — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Warm Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, etc.

Disasters in Russia.

When M. Pobedonostzeff became the head of the holy synod in Russia it was reckoned that the days of the disasters were numbered. He would soon stamp them out. In spite, however, of his ruthless policy, they have steadily increased, until there are now about 2,500,000 of them without reckoning the old believers, who are 18,000,000 strong.

A Large Idea.

London Truth reports that a primary battery has been discovered of such potency that a big ship will be able to go to America with its motive power inclosed in a jam pot. The discovery was made accidentally by two Scotch boys, and has been taken up by several Scotchmen of large means and of considerable business experience.

A Blind Mayor.

The Aberavon (England) town council lately unanimously elected as mayor Mr. Henry Richards, who is totally blind.

A Thermometer Free.

Warner's Safe Cure Co., of Rochester, N. Y., are sending out a limited number of accurate spirit thermometers graduated from 20 degrees below zero to 120 degrees above and mounted on heavy 4x8 inch card board, in red and green, by mail, free to any address on receipt of two cents in stamps to pay postage. To be sure the free distribution of the thermometer is intended to facilitate the sale of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure (see advertisement column) but nevertheless they will be found to be useful as well as ornamental little articles for the home or office and well worth the little trouble and expense of sending for them.

"I don't quite see why you call Mr. Higginbottom 'jaws'?" "Why, because his face lights up so when he talks." — Brooklyn Life.

The Strongest Fortification.

Against disease, one which enable us to undo unsanitary risks from baneful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which remedies malaria, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble.

"Why can't you get an accident insurance, Grumpy?" "Because they say I'm too still to dodge bicycles." — Detroit Free Press.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Over 100,000 read. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and mind. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

An Atchison man and his wife are not on speaking terms, because he said he couldn't tell his rubbers from hers. — Atchison Globe.

A slip—a sprain—lame. St. Jacobs Oil cures it all the same.

It robs the world for a man of ability to live in idleness. — Ram's Horn.

Pains and aches break down. St. Jacobs Oil builds up and finishes with a cure.

The man who wears a hair shirt hates those who dress comfortably. — Ram's Horn.

Young Lochinvar, who, according to the story, ran away with his bride, did not love her one particle more devotedly than a thousand honest husbands of the present day love their wives. No novelist could invent a story of truer manly devotion than the "humble romance" revealed by the following letter from Mr. Harry Chant, of 211 Haskell Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

"About fourteen or fifteen months ago I was working with a gang of men and happened to say to one of them, 'I hope I will not rain as I have a big washing to do for the children. The man said, 'What is the matter with your wife?'"

"For years my wife had been suffering from what the doctors called prolapsus of uterus. She was nervous, had cold hands and feet, palpitation, headache, backache, constipation, a disagreeable drain, with bearing down pains, no appetite. She got so weak she could not get around. I am only a laborer so was always in debt with the doctors, and all for no good, as none did her any good. We began to think that she was never going to get well."

"I told this man what the doctors said was the matter with her. He said 'I had never heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.' 'I told him no, but I had tried so many patent medicines that I was tired of them all, and besides I did not have enough money to pay the doctor and the drug store. He said if I would get two or three bottles and try them, and if it did not do my wife any good that he would pay for the medicine. I went to the drug store (Mr. Clawson's on Elm Street) and bought a bottle. The first and second did not seem to have much effect but the third seemed to work like a charm. She has taken in all about thirteen bottles and she is to day as stout and healthy as any woman in the United States. This is not the only case. When ever I hear tell of any woman who is sick in the neighborhood I just send the book and paper that is wrapped around every bottle and that does the business. I am no longer bothered about doing my own washing and cooking, for my wife can do it all in one day and never seems tired or out of spirits now."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, promptly and permanently.



HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

The Happy Family of Loved Ones Will Be There.

The Smiles of Those Gone Before Will Welcome Us Across the River Into That Land Where Parting Is No More.—Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Dr. Talmage has been for a few days preaching and lecturing in Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul and his sermon is on a theme which will absorbingly interest all who read it. He returns in a few days to Washington. The subject is "Heavenly Recognition," and the text II. Sam. xii. 23, "I shall go to him."

There is a very sick child in the abode of David the King. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and, bending over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the King. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and waiting until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There in that great house two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear tidings to the king, but they can not make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter and David hears them, and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead," David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel and sits down to food. What power hushed that temple? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief has despoiled? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No grave-digger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a force somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat and exclaims: "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and Heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm, John went upon one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said: "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration and looked off again, and he said: "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number."

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in Heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granite foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt edged paper, asking me to discuss the question, and I say: "Ah, that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear; and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart and it wants to be comforted."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any Heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulcher.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-

shear, counter-timber, knees, transoms, all iron or solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on, it will go down. Now, we may have a great many beautiful theories about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world; but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of God's eternal Word. The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, take it for granted.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It can not mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from Heaven on the mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and his face shines like the sun. The door of Heaven swings open. Two spirits come and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in Heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only 5, 10, 20, 30 years ago?

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that the angels know each other; and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean in His conversation with Mary and Martha when he said: "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again."

The Bible describes Heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as asleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better than now. "For now," says the Apostle, "we see through a glass darkly," but there, face to face. It will be my purified, enthroned and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so; I have an idea it is so; I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so!"

There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner, we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled and the lost remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We can not see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies, and I suppose the joy of Heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rises before us the thrones of the blessed and when there surges up in our ear the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction. It is an expansion. If I know you here I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study his wife came in and said to him: "My dear, do you think we will know each other in Heaven?" He turned to her and said: "My dear, do you think we will be

bigger fools in Heaven than we are here?"

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes, "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often."

Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes slays himself that he may serve the master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said: "Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits and not only with the one I have just mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seem to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believe it. The Turks believe it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted; and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God-implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again, I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense and not in a bad sense; and if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will we be blasted with such unsufferable idiosyncrasy, standing beside our best friends in eternity, we will never guess who they are?

Again, I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted. The joy of Heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no.

In the church at Somerville, N. J., John Vredenburg preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, although he was a faithful minister preaching the gospel all the time. He died, and died amid discouragements, and went home to God, for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburg was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath 200 souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those 200 souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburg. Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls brought to Christ through his instrumentality? Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my sins and knowing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote! It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Can there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of Heaven. You tell me that mother's joy can not be augmented? Let them comfort each other, the son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back!" The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abel? When India comes will it not know Dr. John Seudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainerd?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday school class you invited to Christ! I was one of them." And another voice says, "You forget that poor man whom you gave a loaf bread and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home!"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of Heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their banks of the Mohawk river. It was departed children and children see their departed parents. I came down to the evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat beside such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look!" You hearken and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" Do you tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to Heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no! our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidly of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of Heaven. My idea of Heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening tide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother who has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of Heaven—a great home circle, where they are waiting for us.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Mrs. HERBING, an English woman, has a silver-colored cat valued at \$10,000.

ONE of the graves in Mt. Vernon cemetery, Atchison, Kas., is marked as follows: "Born, 7-9-67. Died, 3-27-89."

A MOLE-EYED German doctor-professor has discovered a new nervous disease—Americanitis. It means that the American is twice as smart as the European.

A BLACK bear was killed near Minden City, Mich., recently. Bears are becoming quite numerous in Sanilac county, more so than since the great fire of 1881.

JAPANESE carpenters pull the plane toward them. Door locks are put on the jamb instead of the door, and keys turn in the opposite direction from those we use.

THE mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, was built with mortar perfumed with musk. It was erected 1,000 years ago, yet the musky smell is still noticeable.

A LONDON scientist has invented a mirror of celluloid which accurately reflects every object. The celluloid mirror is unbreakable, and is cheaper than glass, and lighter.

THE house of representatives of Tennessee, by a vote of 58 to 35, passed the bill requiring contestants for the office of governor to give bond for \$25,000 before beginning the contest.

Dr. F. A. BROWER, of Reading, Kas., still drives the horse which he rode as a cavalryman during the war. The animal is 41 years old, and the doctor claims it is the oldest horse in the world.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The largest annual pension is \$25,000, paid by Great Britain to the duke of Richmond. It is a perpetuity from the time of Charles II.

The woman tennis champion of New Zealand has but one hand, and that is the left one; but she can serve a ball that is exceedingly difficult to return.

Surprise is expressed in England that the estate of the late archbishop of Canterbury is only \$230,000. His salary, which he had enjoyed for several years, was \$75,000.

The czar of Russia is very fond of a pipe. Like President Faure, of France, the emperor is never so happy as when smoking a briarwood, which he infinitely prefers to the cigarettes that he usually smokes in public.

Herman Melville, whose stories of the south seas, "Typhoon" and "Omoo," are being republished, was a sailor when he was quite young. Then he settled down in Massachusetts, married a daughter of a chief justice and began his literary life most prosperously.

A writer in the Saturday Review describes Andrew Lang as "this master of apt, entertaining allusion, knowledge, extensive reading, chopped fine, perhaps, but certainly not digested, a kind of lawyer's knowledge of literary precedent. And nothing further, save only more knowledge and still more knowledge."

Jane Barlow, the writer of Irish tales, is described by one who has seen her in her home near Dublin as "tall and slight, with a shy, girlish look and a manner most charmingly unaffected. She has auburn hair, blue eyes and a fair skin, and at times her face lights up with a merry look and she gives you one of those flashes of humor which recall the sayings of the happy-go-lucky peasants of Liscannel."

BREADMAKING IN ZUNI.

Peculiar Process Employed by the Pueblo Indian Women.

During a residence at Zuni, the largest of the Indian pueblos in northwestern New Mexico, I have often watched the mothers and daughters of the tribe at their interesting work of making haive, or "paper bread." They use a basis of either corn or wheat, which is often boiled in advance to make it more tender, and is then ground on much the same primitive style of stone hand mill as that used in Old Mexico. After the maize or wheat has been once ground through the hand mill it is passed through the same operation at least once more, to make it still finer, and then it is mixed into a very thin batter in an olla, or decorated water jar, fashioned from clay, fired and painted by the women pottery makers of the tribe, who are wonderfully adept in the potter's art and that of decoration in striking yet tasteful designs.

If the flour prepared for the baking be of wheat, the bread will be of a bluish tint, and if of corn, whiter. While the preparation has been made above the wood-fire burning in the fireplace of the stone or concrete house, there has been slowly heating a slab of stone, the upper surface of which is smooth and oily by long use in making haive. Kneading before the hot stone when all is ready, the Indian woman dips her hand into the jar of water at her side and then swiftly sweeps that dripping member over the face of the tablet, leaving a broad veneer of liquid dough, which thoroughly bakes in a few seconds. Catching the thin edge of the sheet of bread by the fingers of the other hand, she then peels it almost off the smooth stone by one dexterous jerk, leaving one edge still attached.

Giving another sweep of her now freshly battered palm, she joins the two separate sheets into one by slightly overlapping the adhering film with the fresh application. The double operation of smearing and peeling continues in swift succession, and by the method described there is no break in the long strip of bread, which falls in ever-lengthening folds by the side of the pandera as she works. A Zuni woman takes great pride in her ability to show the entire baking in one unbroken sheet, no matter how long she may continue. When finished, the long bolt of bread is folded much after the fashion of the leaves of an ancient magazine, and is then tightly rolled, that it may not dry. In this manner it is kept in a state of preservation for future use, for it is seldom baked for immediate consumption. This "paper bread" is not used for ordinary household purposes, but is baked when a party of warriors or hunters is making ready for a long trip into the wilds, or when some one is departing on an extended journey.—Woman's Home Companion.

Their Occupations.

A middle-aged woman with an armful of parcels was walking along Mission street recently, when she suddenly stopped and stared at a laborer shoveling dirt out of a trench in the street. As he straightened up she recognized her divorced husband.

"Ah, how are you, Moike? Phat are ye doin'?"

He tried to wither her with a glare, but she continued to smile sweetly.

"Ye want to know what I'm doin' eh? Well, I'm earnin' alimony. Phat are ye doin'?"

"Sure, Moike, I'm a spendin' it."

He resumed his shoveling and she went on down the street feeling pretty well satisfied with herself.—San Francisco Post.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

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chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

STATE SIFTINGS.

Buffalo goats are killing stock in Carlisle county.

Lebanon was visited by an \$8,000 fire last week. Origin unknown.

Midnight raiders are destroying all the tobacco beds in Owen county.

Three negroes caught fifty-four blind rattle-snakes in a cave in Knott county.

A hairless calf is one of the curiosities of Ragland, a village in McCracken county.

A Bagdad, Shelby county, drayman, has a horse aged 39 years which he uses every day.

One thousand men found employment by the opening of stone quarries in Rockcastle county.

A child of Jeff Robinson, of Kingston, Madison county, was badly burned by falling into a kettle of boiling soap.

Near Glasgow, Lonnie Pedigo, a 10-year-old boy, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's barn.

Revenue officers made a raid in Pike county and captured three stills. Nearly 2,000 gallons of "pure juice" were poured out.

The 2 year old child of Robert Beasley, residing near Mayfield, was scalded to death by falling into a bowl of boiling water.

Bryant Kidd, aged 22, while crossing the Cumberland river bridge at Pineville, fell a distance of 44 feet without being injured.

An Indiana mound was opened on the farm of Wm. Thresher, near Lewisport, and in it were found seven complete skeletons.

In the Boyle circuit court James Bailey got a six year term in the penitentiary for killing Charles Lewis, a few months ago.

At Styles' Ford, Nelson county, Miss Maud Brown, aged 15, fell off a horse while crossing Rolling Fork river and was drowned.

The Harrodsburg Democrat reports the sales of 1,200 bushels of wheat at \$1 per bushel and two carloads of hogs at \$3.40 per hundred.

A two-year old son of A. J. Kinbrel, of Indian Fields, swallowed a badge pin. The pin was extricated and no serious consequences followed.

Near Herndon, Christian county, a farmer cut 250 locust posts from one tree, and has firewood enough to last all summer from the limbs.

The Union National bank, of Louisville, has reduced its capital stock from \$750,000 to \$500,000. The burden of taxation was too heavy.

A Boone county farmer was compelled to kill five fat hogs that had been bitten by a mad dog and manifested unmistakable signs of hydrophobia.

Ed Stuart, who was struck on the back of the neck with a rock by Henry Adams, a short time since, is dead. Adams, who is a negro, left for parts unknown.

Archie B. Rue, of Harrodsburg, has been granted a patent for "driving rein attachment," which prevents a horse from getting his tail over the lines.

A movement is being agitated looking to the early establishment of a rolling and steel finishing mill of liberal capacity, and backed by east and local capital, at Ashland.

Nathan McGuire, a wealthy farmer, was passing through a field at his home near Roaring Springs, Christian county, when he suddenly dropped dead. He was 60 years old.

J. R. Pendergrass, who killed John Thomas over a game of cards a year ago, was acquitted in the Boyle circuit court. There was no witnesses to the affair, and Pendergrass pleaded self-defense.

At Corinth a 5 year-old son of James K. Wright asked his sister to blow into

a gun he was playing with. She did so and was fatally shot. The balance of the family were away from home.

Boon Skaggs, who is making the race for jailer in Lawrence county, is 35 years old, 7 feet high and weighs 550 pounds. He has a wife of 127, or a little over one-fifth the weight of her husband.

All indications point to an exceedingly short crop throughout the entire Big Sandy valley this season. The ground is still soaked from the recent overflows and all planting will be fully a month delayed.

Cam Rice, of Bath county, has in his possession an old cream pitcher that was used by his wife's grandmother when she was a girl, she being 107 years old when she died. It is the chinaware of old times.

Benjamin Rice, aged 70 years, of Boone county, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He leaves a daughter and two sons. No cause can be assigned for the act, except that he was in ill health.

The Climax says a well-developed colt with only two legs was foaled on the farm of W. W. Brookshire, in Madison. The hind legs were perfect, but there were no forelegs whatever. The shoulders were perfectly sound.

It is reported that Sam Patrick, a prominent Magoffin county farmer, was attacked by unknown men and beaten into insensibility while on his way home from Irvytown last week. His skull was crushed and he can not live.

Wilson Cornette, wanted on Lime Fork, Letcher county, for looting a trunk and stealing \$150 cash and some wearing apparel a month ago, was arrested at Freeling, Va., and lodged in Clintwood jail to await the Kentucky officials.

Mrs. Mary Blake, living near Wright, gave birth to triplets the other day, two girls and a boy. The two girls weigh 5 1/2 pounds each, and the boy 6, making a total of 17 pounds. They are the first triplets ever born in Letcher county.

In Metcalfe county last week Mr. Albert Poor was plowing without suspecting the least danger, when quick as thought, and without a moment's warning the earth under him sank to a depth of fifteen feet, literally engulfing both the man and the team. When found the horses were both dead and Mr. Poor will die.

A citizen of Marion, being annoyed by the festive pigs which roam the streets, has attached a scythe blade to the bottom of his gate so that the business part of the blade extends a little below the bottom of the slats. It is useless to say that after the first trial to root up the gate the pigs leave in disgust and give the place a wide berth.

POINTS

Made by Bryan in His Cincinnati Speech. When a dollar is rising property is falling.

The most important thing in a dollar is its purchasing power.

An absolutely "honest" dollar is an impossibility.

The pot test of a dollar is not the true one.

All we ask is that silver be treated like gold.

By giving the debtor the option, it keeps the two metals together.

There is a foreign financial fleet on our shores trying to take our homes from us.

Shall we continue to benefit foreign money lenders?

I want free silver because it will benefit me.

The financier may be as good as other people, but he is no better.

Never in the history of the world has there been a flood of silver.

On one side are the producers of wealth, on the other the gold conspirators.

The gold advocates will never discuss the effects of a rising standard.

The gold standard is a new yellow fever.

A dollar which rises in purchasing power is just as dishonest as that which falls in purchasing power.

We should restore silver to pay our debts, and put out our products and keep our gold at home.

The highest good under the gold standard is only for a few.

Cure misery and there will be no mobs.

The man who thinks he can conduce to the highest welfare by filling the streets with hungry and desperate men is a fool.—Lexington Argonaut.

TIED MOTHERS find help in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives them pure blood, a good appetite and new and needed **STRENGTH**.

The Printer.

Everybody looks after the printer. If a newspaper man goes into a store, he buys his goods like other. When he wants a new shirt he does not go from store to store and take bids. If he gets a doctor or lawyer he pays their bills. He never thinks of asking the grocer to put in another pound of sugar for a dollar. When he gets shaved out goes ten cents. If he buys a cord of wood or a bushel of potatoes he knows he ought to pay a little more than the market price.

When a couple get married or there is a church festival he cheerfully gives a couple dollars worth of notices free; but when there is a fifty cent job of printing the printer is asked to bid. After going the rounds and getting the price down below living rates, he gets the job, provided he donates ten per cent. These are facts, and there is nothing remarkable about it only that the printers are such blooming fools as to allow it.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail mention THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and send your full postoffice address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

LOST:—Somewhere between Time and Eternity, fine large job of Prosperity of bright yellow color, with a collar of confidence fringed with national bank patriotism. When last seen was dressed in a suit of corporation promises made in glass houses of private property. A suitable reward will be paid for any information by applying to any unemployed or half paid dupe who voted to corral the animal last November.—Brookville (Ind.) Democrat.

"Granny" Metcalfe.

"I am 87 years old, and have used about all of the agents and long remedies that have been sold during my life, and for the benefit of the suffering I will say that I have never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief to my throat, and I feel as well as ever. We keep it in our house all the time, and would not be without it."

Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, 720 South 4th St., Paducah, Ky.

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The best dramatic novel, *Jane Eyre*, by Charlotte Bronte.

The best marine novel, *The Red Rover*, by J. F. Cooper.

The best novel of country life, *Lorna Doone*, by R. D. Blackmore.

The best military novel, *Charles O'Malley*, by Charles Lever.

The best religious novel, *Hypatia*, by Charles Kingsley.

The best novel with a purpose, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The best pathetic novel, *Silas Marner*, by George Eliot.

The best humorous novel, *Pickwick*, by Chas. Dickens.

The best Scotch novel, *Rob Roy*, by Sir Walter Scott.

The best English novel, *Adam Bede*, by George Eliot.

The best American novel, *The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The best of all novels, *Henry Esmond*, by William Makepeace Thackeray.

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DIRECTIONS.—Take one at meal or bed time or whenever you feel poorly. Swallow it whole, with or without a mouthful of water. They cure all stomach troubles; banish pain; induce sleep; prolong life. An invaluable tonic. Best Spring Medicine. No matter what the matter, one will do you good. One gives relief—a cure will result if directions are followed.

The five-cent packages are not yet to be had of all dealers, although it is probable that almost any druggist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer for the purpose of a single trial. The five-cent packages, containing ten tablets, will be sent, postage paid, to any address for five cents in stamps, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 35 Spruce St., New York. Until the goods are thoroughly introduced to the trade, agents and peddlers will be supplied at a price which will allow them a fair margin of profit, viz.: 1 dozen cartons for 40 cents—by mail 45 cents. 12 dozen (144 cartons) for \$4.25—by mail \$4.50. 5 gross (720 cartons) for \$20.50. 25 gross (3,000 cartons) for \$100. Cash with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.

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Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon.....	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie.....	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Flds	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City....	8 19 am	11 40 am
Stanton.....	8 10 am	11 20 am
Filson.....	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee.....	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge..	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torrent.....	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Je	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three F's C	6 53 am	8 00 am
Athol.....	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkataka....	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson.....	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon.....	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester..	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie.....	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Flds	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City....	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton.....	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson.....	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee.....	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge..	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent.....	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three F's C	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol.....	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkataka....	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson.....	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

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